S.SOUNDRARAJAN
27-9-2016
TAMIL HYMNS 101-150
VOL-III

No	Hymn No	First line in Tamil	Tune	meter	Scale
1	101	இயேசுவே நான் நீர் பட்ட	Bavarian 112 ~~Supplement 10~~	7·6·7·6·7·6 7·6	b 4/4
2	101	இயேசுவே நான் நீர் பட்ட	Bavarian Supplement 10	7·6·7·6·7·6 7·6	b
3	101	இயேசுவே நான் நீர் பட்ட	Jesu Kreuz leiden und pein	7·6·7·6·7·6 7·6	bbb
4	102	இரத்தம் காயம் குத்தும்	passion chorale	7·6·7·6·7·6 7·6	c 4/4 A2
5	102	இரத்தம் காயம் குத்தும்	passion chorale	7·6·7·6·7·6 7·6	c
6	102	இரத்தம் காயம் குத்தும்	Bavarian 77	7·6·7·6·7·6 7·6	c 4/4
7	103	என் அருள் நாதா இயேசுவே	Rockingham Caton	L·M 63	bbb 3/4
8	104	என் மனது	Bavarian 144	4·4·7·7·6	# 4/4
9	105	என்னுடைய தாலின் தாவை	Bavarian 97	8·7·8·7·8·8· 7·7	# 4/4
10	106	கண்டீர்களோ சிலுவையில்	Windsore	C·M 56	bb 4/4
11	106	கண்டீர்களோ சிலுவையில்	Beerford	C·M 72	bb
12	107	துக்கம் கொண்டாட வாருமே	St. Cross	L·M 76	b 2/2
13	108	பாவ நாசர் பட்ட காயம்	Batty RINGE RECHT	8·7·8·7 60	bbb 4/4
14	109	மரித்தும் கட்டப்பட் ஆவியும்	Bavarian 129	L·M	# 4/4
15	110	மரித்தாரே என் ஆண்டவர்	Horsley	C·M 88	bbb 4/4

page No	Hymn No	First line in Tamil.	Tune	meter	Scal[e]
16	111	மா வானகும் பட்ட இயேசுவே	Belmont	C.M	bbbb
17	112	மாசற்ற ஆட்டுக்குட்டி	Bavarian 142	7.7.7.7 7.7.7	bbb A
18	113	நேசகரான இயேசுவே	Abridge	C.M ab	bbb
19	114	வானத்துயர்ந்த சிம்பரே	SPS 11	7.7.7.7.7.7	bb 3/A
20	115	கூர் ஆணி தேகம் பாய	St. Margaret	7.6.7.6	#
21	116	உம் ராஜ்யம் வருங்காலை	Ellers 92	10.10.10.10	bbbb
22	116	உம் ராஜ்யம் வருங்காலை	Finlandia	10.10.10.10 10.10	bbb A
23	117	சிலுவையைப் பற்றி நின்று	Stabat Mater	8.8.7.8.8 .7	b 3/2
24	117	சிலுவையைப் பற்றி நின்று	SPS.13	8.8.7	b 3/A
25	118	துயருற்ற வேந்தரு	Gethsemane	7.7.7.7.7.7	c A/A
26	118	துயருற்ற வேந்தரே	Redhead 76	7.7.7.7.7.7 66	bbb 4/A
27	119	அருவிகள் ஆயிரமாம்	Assisi	8.8.8.6	##
28	119	அருவிகள் ஆயிரமாம்	Misericordia	8.8.8.6	bbb
29	120	பூரண வாழ்க்கையே	Abar	S.M	c
30	121	இப்போது ஏசு நாதா கிலை சாய்க்கு	Commendatio	11.10.11.10	bbb3

31	122	அல்லேலூயா அல்லேலூயா அல்லேலூயா	O Filii Et Filiae 112	8.8.8 and Alleluias	bb
32-33	123	அல்லேலூயா அல்லேலூயா	Victory 80	8.8.8 and Alleluias	#### 3/4
~~34~~	124	இந்நாளை கிறிஸ்து வென்றவை	~~[illegible]~~ Bavarian 46	L.M with Alleluia	C 3/4
35-36	124	இந்நாளை கிறிஸ்து வென்றவை	Easter Song	L.M with Alleluias	bbb 4/4
37	125	இயேசு உயிர்த்தெழுந்தார்	St. Albinus	7.8.7.8.4	C
38	126	இன்று கிறிஸ்து எழுந்தார்	Easter Hymn	7.7.7.7 with Alleluia	~~##~~ C 4/4
39	126	இன்று கிறிஸ்து எழுந்தார்	~~Easter~~ Hymn 58	7.7.7.7 with Alleluia	## 4/4
40-41	127	கிறிஸ்தெழுந்தார் கிறிஸ்தெழுந்தார்	Resurrexit	8.7.8.7.7.5 7.5.8.7.8.7	###
42	128	சபையாரே கூடிப் பாடு	Regent Square 88	8.7.8.7.8.7	~~bb~~ C 4/4
43	128	சபையாரே கூடிப் பாடு	SS 7	8.7.4	C 4/4
44	129	நல்ல ஜெயம் போர் செய்கின்றோர்	SPS 15	L.M with Refrain.	bbbb 3/4
45	130	பண்டிகை நாள் மகிழ்கொண்டாடுவோம்	Salve Festa Dies	10.10	# 112
46	130	பண்டிகை நாள் மகிழ்கொண்டாடுவோம்	Coventry	10.10 with Refrain.	bb

47	130	பண்டிகை நாள் மகிழ்ந்து கொண்டாடுவோம்	Salve Festa dies	10.10	b 112
48	130	பண்டிகை நாள் மகிழ்ந்து கொண்டாடுவோம்	Coventry carol	4.4.6.2 with refrain.	bb
49	130	பண்டிகை நாள் மகிழ்ந்து கொண்டாடுவோம்	Coventry carol.	C.M	bb
50	131	வாழ்க பாக்கிய காலை ஒன்றும் தூயவர்	Hermas	6.5 - 12 lines	###
51	132	வைகறை இருக்கையில்	St. George 100	7.7.7.7.7 7.7.7	# X/X
52	133	ஆ இயேசுவே	Bavarian 2	4.4.7.4.4 7	### 4/4
53	134	தெய்வ ஆட்டுக்குட்டிக்கு	Vindemiata	D.S.M	#### A/X
54	135	மகிழ் கர்த்தாவின் சந்ததியே	Church Triumph	L.M	bb
55	135	மகிழ் கர்த்தாவின் சந்ததியே	Toronto	L.M 96	## 2/2
56	136	வாக்குரைப்பட்ட இயேசுவே	Ascension	7.7.7.7 with Alleluias	###
57	136	வாக்குரைப்பட்ட இயேசுவே	St. Albinus 80	7.8.7.8.4	C
58 59	137	கர்த்தாவின் சுத்த ஆவியே	Frankfort	P.M	## X/X
60	137	கர்த்தாவின் சுத்த ஆவியே	Bavarian 135	8.8.7.8.8.7 4.8.4.8	bbb 4/4
61	138	தெய்வ ஆவியே	Amstadt Seelenbräutigam	5.5.8.8. 5.5	# 100
62	138	தெய்வ ஆவியே	Bow Church	5.5.8.8 5.5	b
63	139	தெய்வாவி மனவாசராய்	SS187	C.M	###

64	140	பரத்துக்கேகு முன்னமே	St. Cuthbert	8.6.8.4	bbb 58
65-66	141	தெய்வன்புக்காக உன்னத	Bavarians	8.7.8.7.8 8.7	# 3/4
67	142	மகாதேவா மா தயாபரா	Rivaulx	L.M	##
68	143	வானத்திம் ஆழியும்	Moscow	6.6.4.6.6.6 4	# 3/4 8
69	143	வானத்திம் ஆழியும்	SS204 (...)	6.6.4.6.6.6 4	bb 4/4
70	144	கொந்தளிக்கும் லோக வாழ்வில்	SS 762 Galilee	8.7.8.7	bb 3/2
71	144	கொந்தளிக்கும் லோக வாழ்வில்	St. Andrew	8.7.8.7	C
72	145	விண் லோகம் பாதை திராமம்	Beulah	C.M	#####
73	146	செய்யவை வெட்ட தோணம்	Vulpius	7.6.7.6	bbb X/X
74	147	உன் வாழ்வில் கம், நீ சேனை	Bristol	C.M	# 69
75	148	ஆத்துமாக்கள் செய்யுகு	Sherborne	7.7.7.7.7.7	bb
76	149	இருப்பதியின் கலிசைகள்	St. Francis Xavier	C.M	bbb
77	150	தாசிதன் பாவம் இன்றியே	St. Philip and St. James	L.M	###

C 102, 118, 120, 124, 125, 126, 128, 136, 144

~~101, 107~~, 104, 105, 109, 115, 130, 132, 138, 141, 143, 147

##	119, 126, 135, 137, 142,
###	~~123~~, 127, 131, 133, 136, 139, 150
####	123, 134, 145
b	101, 107, 117, 130, 138,
bb	106, 114, 122, 130, 135, 143, 144, 148
bbb	101, 103, 108, 110, 112, 113, 116, 118, 119, 121, 124, 137, 140, 146, 149
bbbb	111, 116, 129,

112. Jesu Kreuz, Leiden und Pein.

Melch. Vulpius, Erfurt 1609.



113. Jesu, meine Freude.

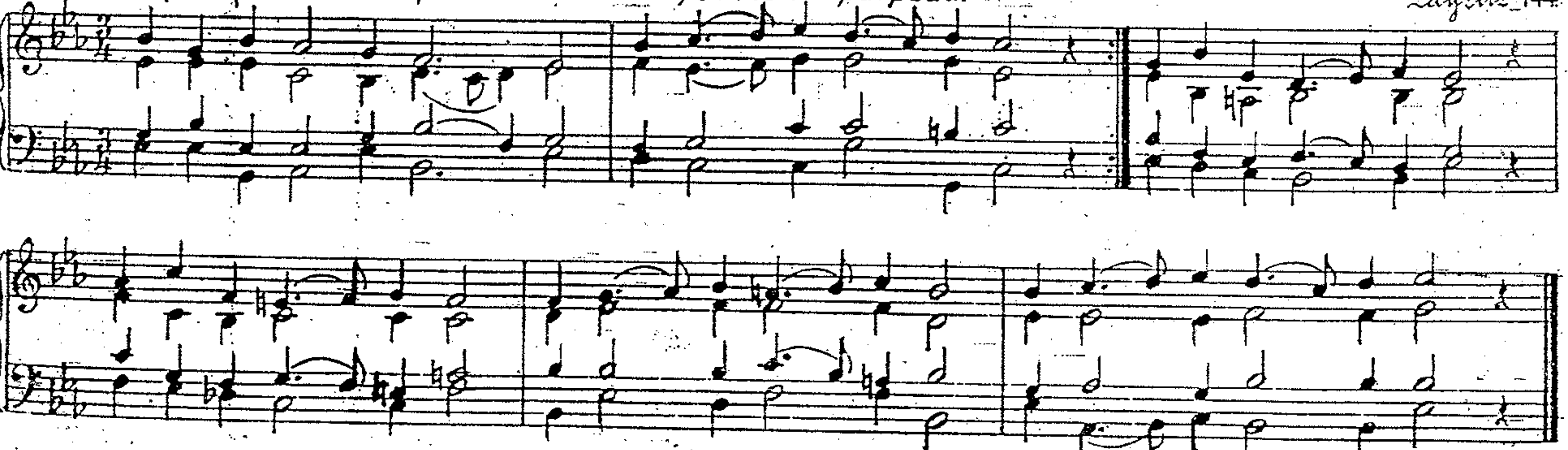
J. Crüger Berlin 1653.



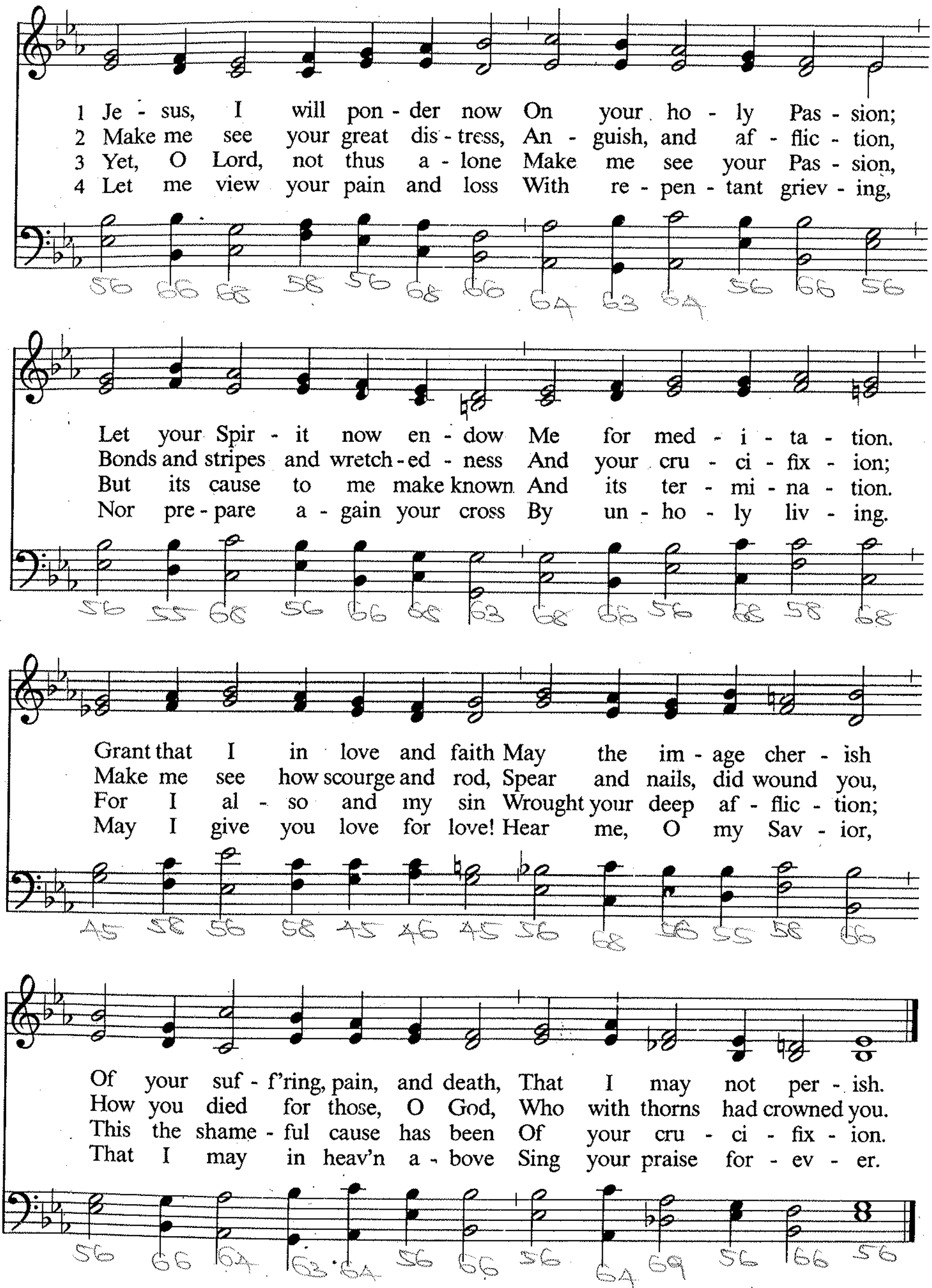
10. (53.) Jesu, meiner Seelen Licht. (Jesu Kreuz, Leiden und Pein) Jesuwē, en siwemē. Layritz 64.



11. (61.) Auf, auf, mein Herz, mit Freuden. Oi, tukkattin pūrpādu. Layritz 144.



Jesus, I Will Ponder Now



Text: Sigismund von Birken, 1626–1681; tr. August Crull, 1846–1923, alt.
Tune: Melchior Vulpius, c. 1560–1615

JESU KREUZ, LEIDEN UND PEIN
76 76 D

194 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)
Trans. into German by Paul Gerhardt, 1656
Trans. from the German by James W. Alexander, 1830

PASSION CHORALE: 7. 6. 7. 6. D.
Hans Leo Hassler, 1601
Har. by Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729



Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 110. Gethsemane.—7 7.7 7.7 7. W. H. Monk: from C. Tye, 1553.



" Remembering Mine affliction and My misery, the wormwood and the gall."

p GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
cr Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.

p Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the LORD of life arraign'd;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
cr Learn of Him to bear the cross.

p Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
cr There, adoring at His Feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
—GOD'S own Sacrifice complete;
p "It is finish'd," hear Him cry;
cr Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 691. J. MONTGOMERY, 1820.

Hymn 111. Passion Chorale.—7 6 7 6.7 6 7 6. H. L. Hassler, 1601.



" Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

mf O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
p Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
cr Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
dim And tremble as they gaze.

p I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
mf O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
p JESU, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy Face on me.

In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
mf Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy Presence blest.

Sir H. W. BAKER and Compilers:
from the German of P. Gerhardt.

76. Herr, wie du willst, so schicks. *(Ursprüngl: Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir.)*

Straßburg 1525.



77. Herzlich tut mich verlangen.

(Weltl. J. L. Haßler 1601) Görlitz 1613.



Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
cr But the Blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

p Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
mf Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
cr Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

f Lift ye then your voices;
cr Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the (*dim*) precious Blood.

E. CASWALL: from the Italian.

Hymn 108. ROCKINGHAM.—L.M. E. MILLER, 1735-1807.



A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 371.

"*What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.*"

mf WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

p See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
f Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

mf To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace
p By bitter grief and anguish sore,
f Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

I. WATTS (1707) and Compilers.

Hymn 109. BATTY.—8 7 8 7. *Christen-schatz* (Basle, 1745).



"*Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.*"

mf SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy pour'd in streams of Blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

p Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
Whilst I see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid Eye.

mf LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveil'd glory see.

J. ALLEN and HON. W. SHIRLEY.

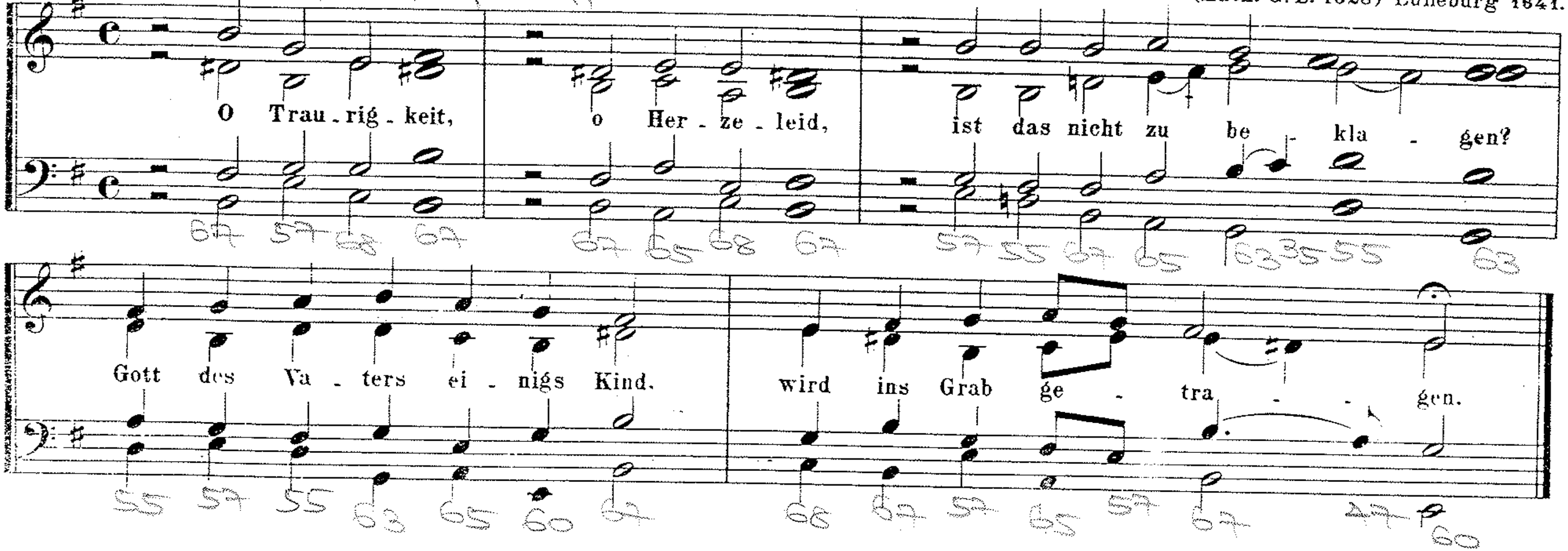
143. O liebster Herr Jesu Christ.

Nürnberg 1544.



144. O Traurigkeit.

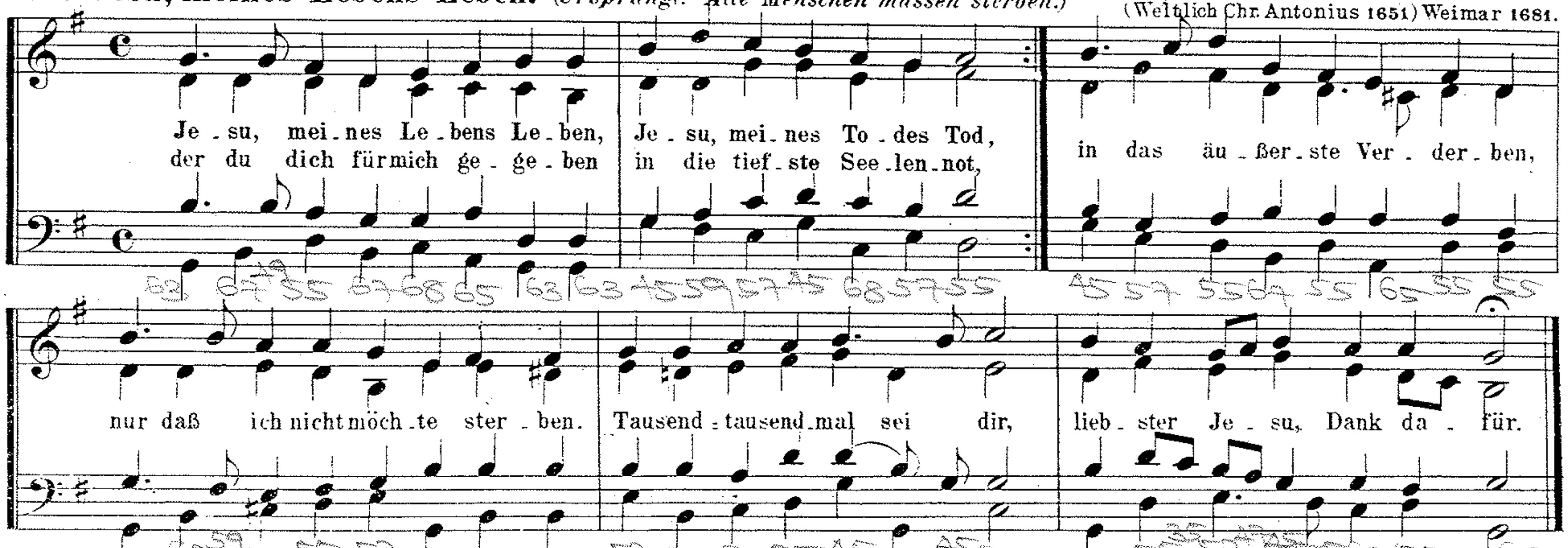
(Kath. G. B. 1628) Lüneburg 1641.



96. Jesu, meine Freude.



97. Jesu, meines Lebens Leben. *(Ursprüngl: Alle Menschen müssen sterben.)*



Hymn 42. St. Flavian.—C.M. *Psalmes*, 1562.



"And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth. . . . And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."

mf THE fish in wave, the bird on wing,
 God bade the waters bear;
Each for our mortal body's food
 His gracious hands prepare.

But other food, of richer cost,
 The immortal spirit needs;
By faith it lives on every word
 That from His mouth proceeds.

Faith springing from the Blood of Christ
 Has flow'd o'er every land;
And sinners through the vanquish'd world
 Bow down to its command.

Its light the joy of Heav'n reveals
 To hearts made pure within;
And bids them seek by worthy deeds
 Eternal crowns to win.

f By faith the saints of old were strong
 The lion's wrath to tame;
By faith they spurn'd the tyrant's threats,
 And scorn'd the raging flame.

p Lord, grant that we the path may tread
 Whereon its light doth shine;
cr And gather, as we onward go,
 The fruits of love Divine.

f O praise the Father; praise the Son,
 On Whose most precious Blood
Rests all our faith; and praise to Him
 Who with Them Both is God.

J. Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin of C. Coffin.

Friday.

Hymn 43. Windsor.—C.M. Damon, *Psalms*, 1591.



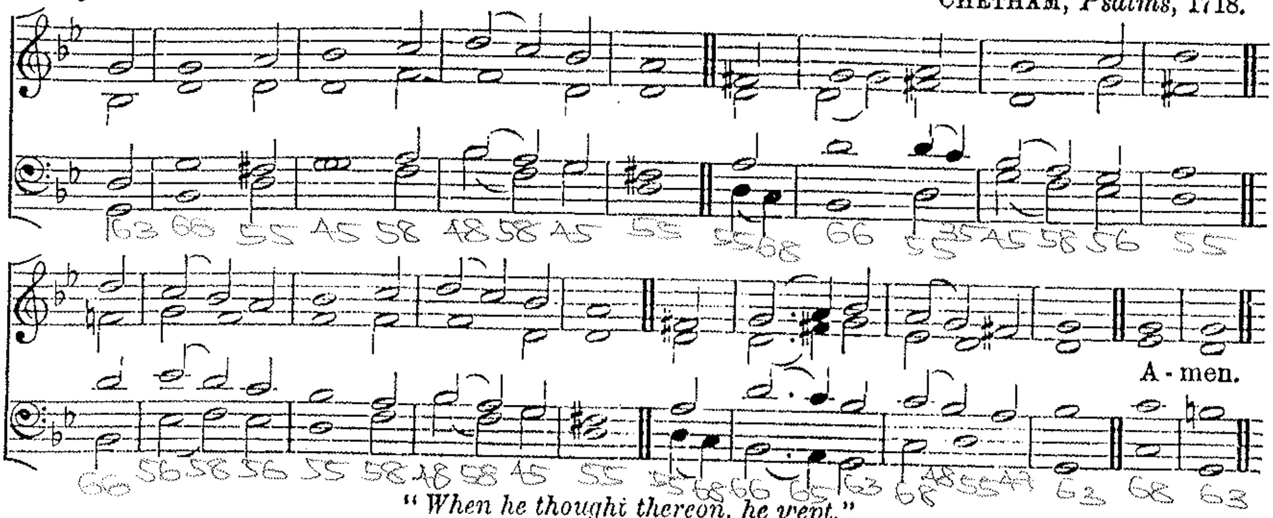
"And God said, Let Us make man in Our image. . . . And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

mf TO-DAY, O Lord, a holier work
 Thy secret counsels frame,
A king to rule Thy new-made world,
 To praise Thy glorious Name.

Thou formest man: Thy Spirit breathes
 Life into dust of earth:
Man, in Thine own true Image made,
 From Thee receives his birth.

Hymn 253. Burford.—C.M.

Chetham, *Psalms*, 1718.



"When he thought thereon, he wept."

p O Jesu Christ, if aught there be
That, more than all beside,
In ever-painful memory
Must in my heart abide,

It is that deep ingratitude
Which I to Thee have shown,
Who didst for me in Tears and Blood
Upon the Cross atone.

Alas, how with my actions all
Has this defect entwined;
How has it poison'd with its gall
My spirit, heart, and mind!

mf Alas, through this, how many a gem
I've rudely cast away,
That might have form'd my diadem
In everlasting day!

p Yet though the time be past and gone,
Though little more remains;
Though nought is all that can be done,
E'en with my utmost pains;

mf Still will I strive, O Saviour mine,
To do what in me lies;
For never did Thy glance Divine
A contrite heart despise.

E. Caswall.

Hymn 254. Christus Consolator.—8 5 8 3. (*First Tune.*)

With expression.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

p Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
mf "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
p Be at rest!"

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
p "In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

mf Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns."

mf If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

mf If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past."

mf If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f "Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

mf Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
ff "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

J. M. Neale.

Hymn 113. Nun komm.—7 7 7 7. (*Second Tune.*)

Medieval Melody.



"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

mf SEE the destined day arise!
See, a willing Sacrifice,
JESUS, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross!

p JESU, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender Body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

mf Thence the cleansing Water flow'd,
Mingled from Thy Side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finish'd Sacrifice.

p Holy JESU, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
cr All our trust for life renew'd,
Pardon'd sin, and promised good.

Bishop MANT, 1837.

Hymn 114. St. Cross.—L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



"They crucified Him."

mf O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
pp JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

mf Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
pp JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

Blest through endless ages
  Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
  Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
  Pleaded to the skies;
cr But the Blood of JESUS
  For our pardon cries.

p Oft as it is sprinkled
  On our guilty hearts,
mf Satan in confusion
  Terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting
  Wafts its praise on high,
cr Angel-hosts rejoicing
  Make their glad reply.

f Lift ye then your voices;
cr   Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
  Praise the (*dim*) precious Blood.

E. CASWALL: from the Italian.

Hymn 108. ROCKINGHAM.—L.M.

E. MILLER, 1735-1807.



A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn **371.**

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

mf WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
  On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

p See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

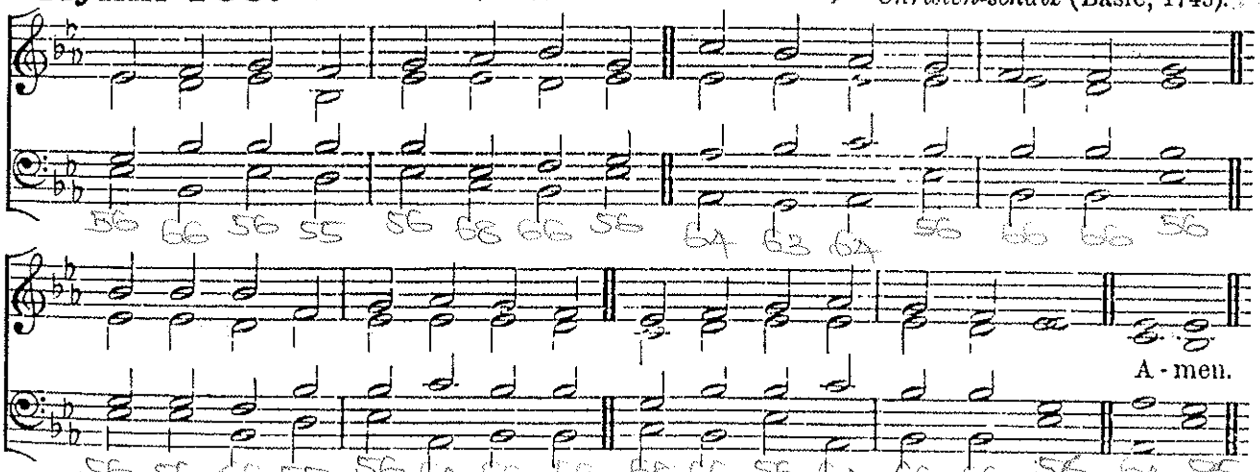
mf Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
f Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

mf To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace
p By bitter grief and anguish sore,
f Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

I. WATTS (1707) and Compilers.

Hymn 109. BATTY.—8 7 8 7.

Christen-schatz (Basle, 1745).



"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

mf SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
  Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
  From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I rest, for ever viewing
  Mercy pour'd in streams of Blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
  Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

p Truly blessèd is the station,
  Low before His Cross to lie,
Whilst I see Divine compassion
  Beaming in His languid Eye.

mf LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
  Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
  And Thine unveil'd glory see.

J. ALLEN and Hon. W. SHIRLEY.

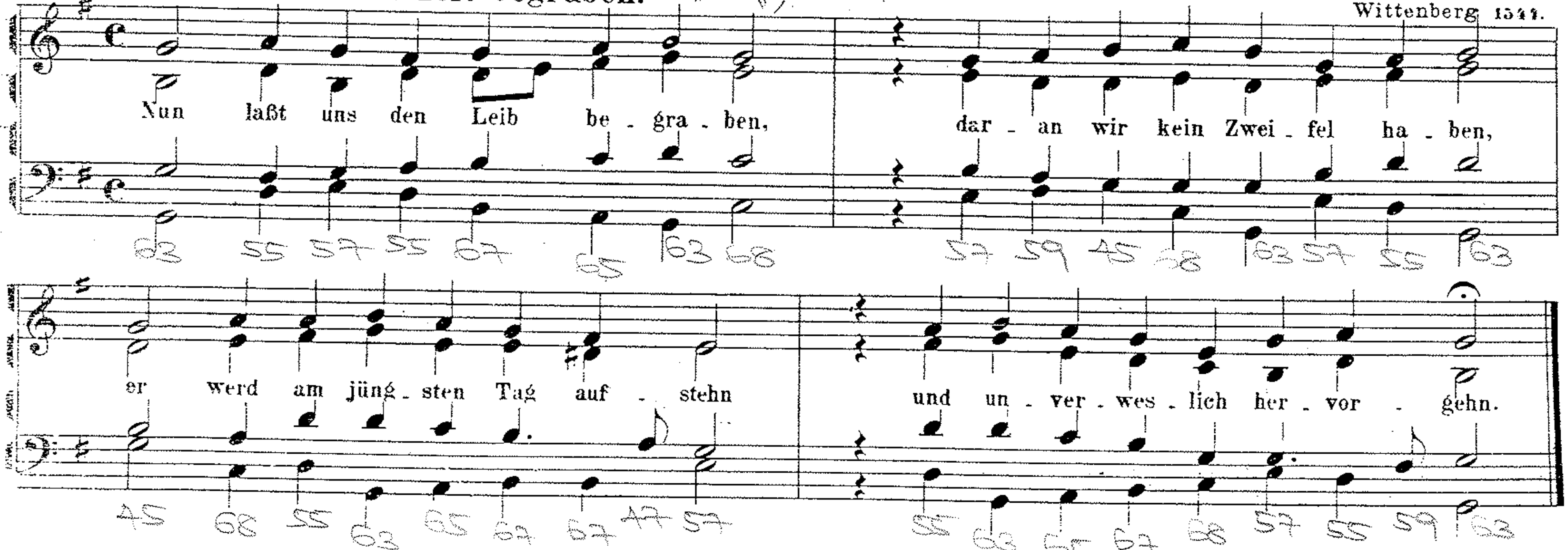
128. Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.

(Altkirchlich.) Wittenberg 1524.



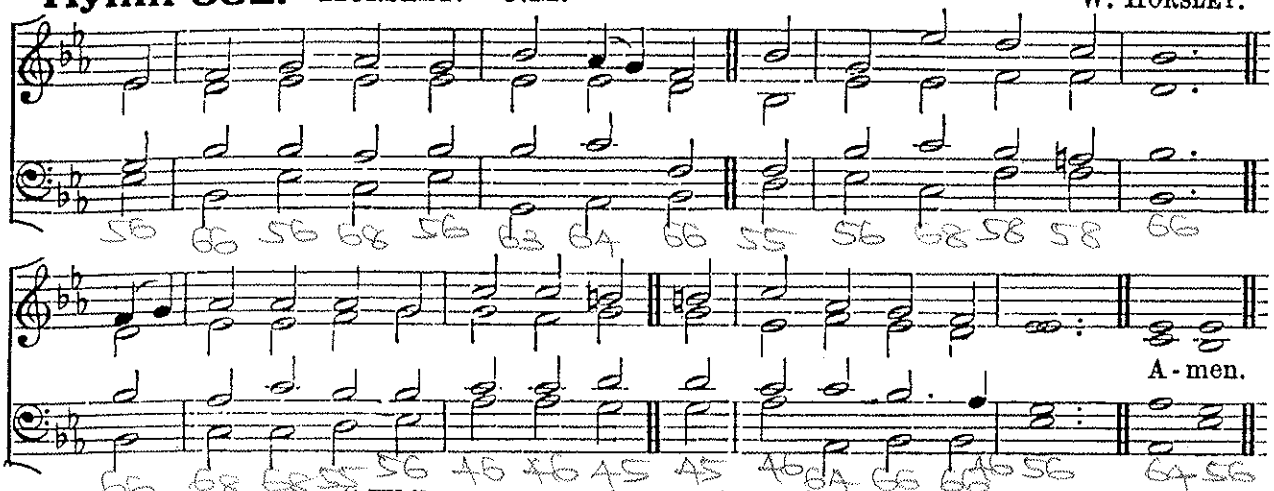
129. Nun laßt uns den Leib begraben.

Wittenberg 1544.



Hymn 332. Horsley.—C.M.

W. Horsley.



"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

mf THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
p Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

mf He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr That we might go at last to Heav'n,
p Saved by His precious Blood.

mf There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heav'n, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. Alexander.

Hymn 333. Pastor bonus.—6 5 6 5. 6 5 6 5.

Sir J. Stainer.



"He took them up in His Arms."

f CHRIST, Who once amongst us
As a Child did dwell,
Is the children's Saviour,
And He loves us well;
mf If we keep our promise
Made Him at the Font,
f He will be our Shepherd,
And we shall not want.

mf There it was they laid us
In those tender Arms,
Where the lambs are carried
Safe from all alarms;
If we trust His promise,
He will let us rest
In His Arms for ever,
Leaning on His Breast.

Though we may not see Him
For a little while,
We shall know He holds us,
Often feel His smile;
p Death will be to slumber
In that sweet embrace,
f And we shall awaken
To behold His Face.

mf He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore,
Make us lie in pastures
Beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger,
And no tears are seen.

p Jesus, our good Shepherd,
Laying down Thy life,
Lest Thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife,
cr Help us to remember
All Thy love and care,
f Trust in Thee, and love Thee
Always, everywhere.

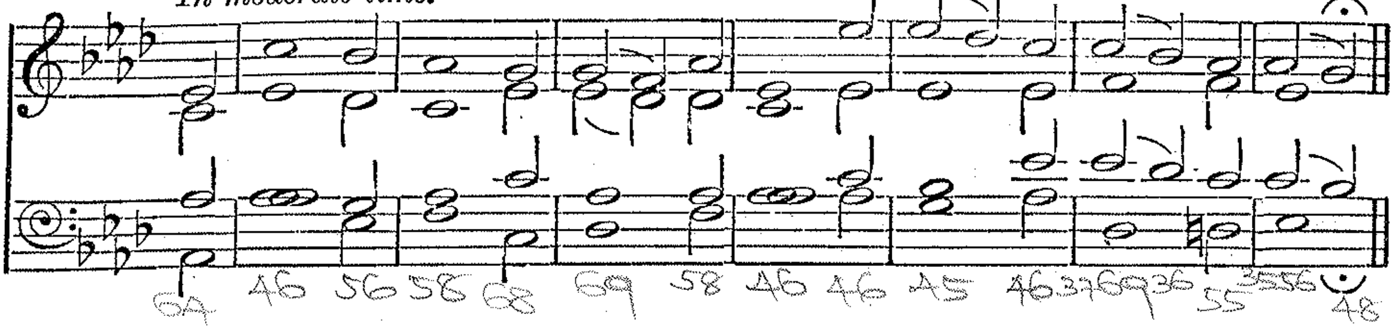
W. St. Hill Bourne

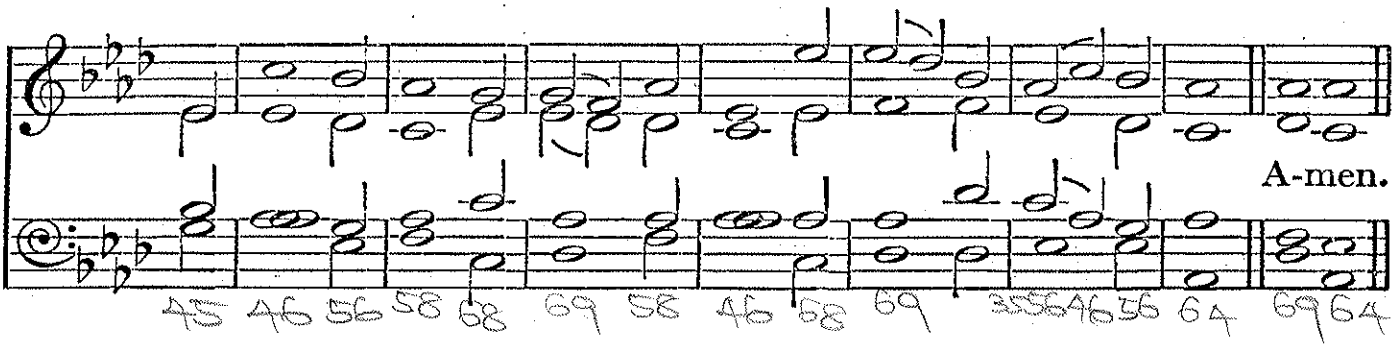
Alternative Tune, Hymn 726.

309 BELMONT. (C.M.)

Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1812.

In moderate time.





BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

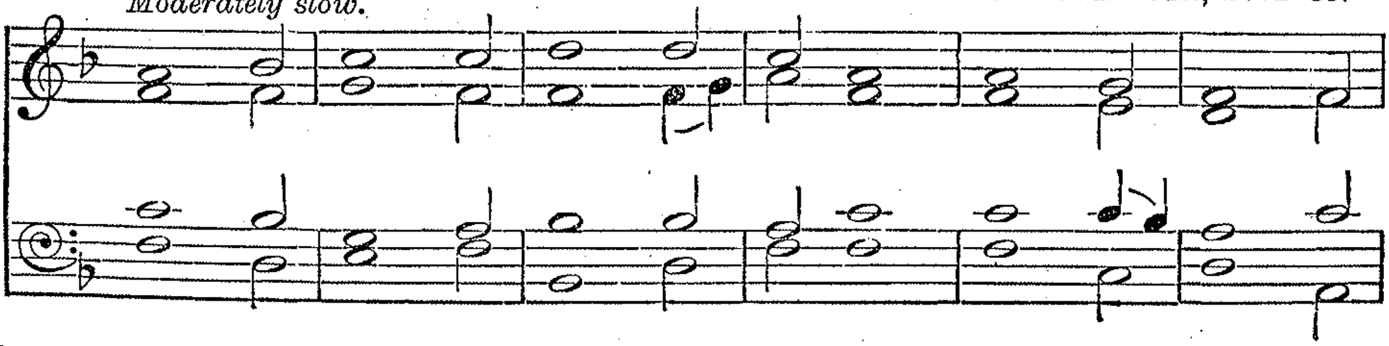
4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.

310 BRYNTIRION. (87. 87. 87.)

ASCAN HENRI THÉODORE LUTTEROTH, 1802–89.

Moderately slow.



141. O Jesulein süß. *(Urspr: Ist das der Leib, Herr Jesu Christ.)*

(Kath. G. B. 1623) Hall 1650.



142. O Lamm Gottes unschuldig.

Erfurt 1542.



Hymn 281. MANNHEIM.—8 7 8 7 8 7. F. FILITZ, 1847.



"I am the Lord thy God . . . Which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."

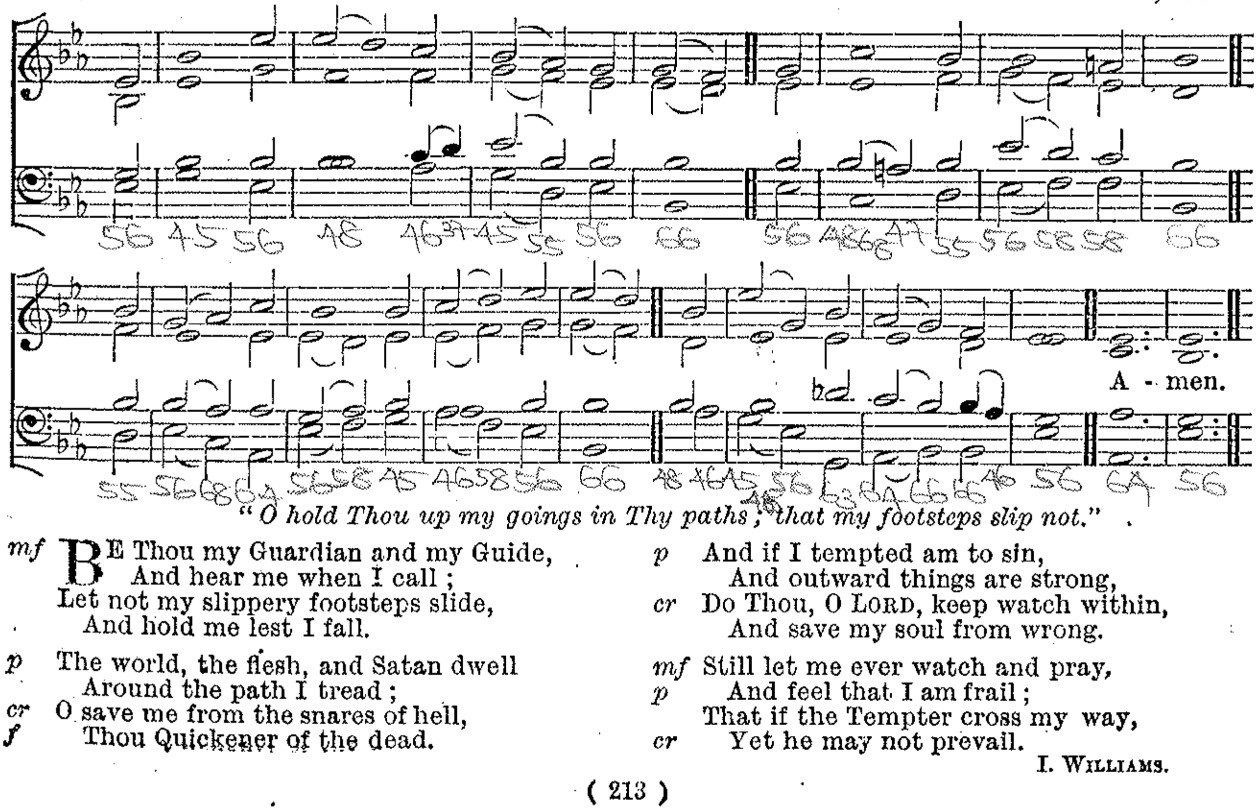
mf LEAD us, Heavenly FATHER, lead us
  O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
  For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
  If our GOD our FATHER be.

p SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
  All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
  Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
  Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf SPIRIT of our GOD, descending,
  Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
  Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
  Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. EDMESTON.

Hymn 282. ABRIDGE.—C.M. I. SMITH, 1770.



"O hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

mf BE Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
  And hear me when I call;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
  And hold me lest I fall.

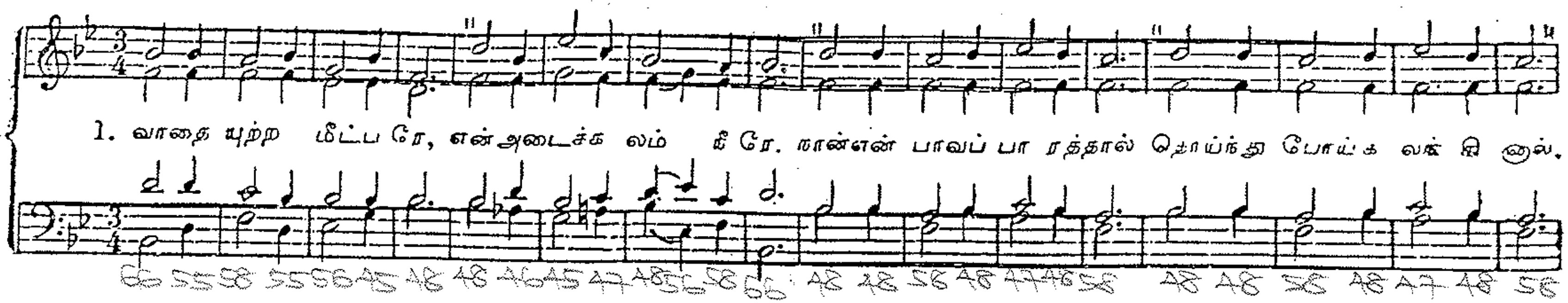
p The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
  Around the path I tread;
cr O save me from the snares of hell,
f   Thou Quickener of the dead.

p And if I tempted am to sin,
  And outward things are strong,
cr Do Thou, O LORD, keep watch within,
  And save my soul from wrong.

mf Still let me ever watch and pray,
p   And feel that I am frail;
That if the Tempter cross my way,
cr   Yet he may not prevail.

I. WILLIAMS.

11. Hohes, heilges Marterbild





2. ஞாயத்தீர்ப்பில் என் எல்லா
புண்ணியமும் விருதா.
தளரா முயற்சியால்,
மனஸ்தாபக் கண்ணீரால்
குற்றம் நீங்காதென்றைக்கும்;
கிருபைதான் ரட்சிக்கும்.

3. உள்ளவண்ணம் அண்டினேன்,
அன்பாய் என்னை நோக்குமேன்.
திக்கற்றோன் நான், ரட்சியும்;
நான் அசுத்தன், கழுவும்.
மூடும் என் நிர்வாணத்தை;
ஏழைக்கீயும் செல்வத்தை.

4. வாதையுற்ற மீட்பரே,
என் அடைக்கலம் நீரே.
என் இக்கட்டனைத்திலும்,
சாகுந் தருணத்திலும்
என் அடைக்கலம் நீரே,
வாதையுற்ற மீட்பரே.

H. Bz. ஞானப்பாட்டு 59

p How fast His Hands and Feet are nail'd;
His Throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing Eyes are dimm'd with Blood;
pp JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

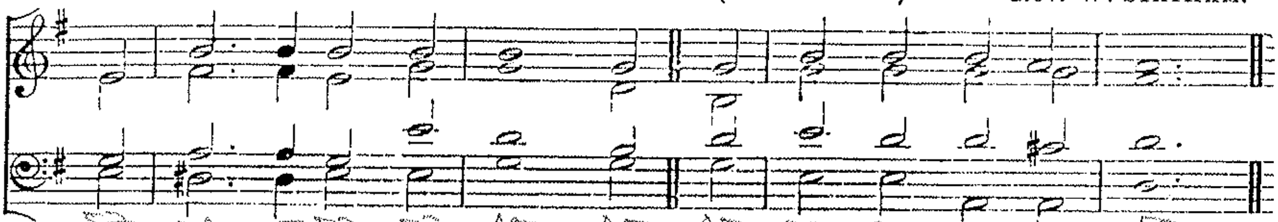
p Seven times He spake, seven Words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
pp JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

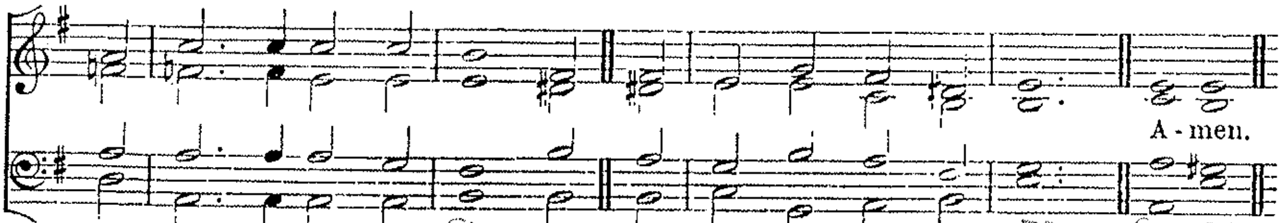
p Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
So may the Blood from out His Side
Fall gently on us drop by drop;
pp JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

mf A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
LORD JESUS, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

F. W. FABER.

Hymn 115. ST. MARGARET.—7 6 7 6. (*First Tune.*) REV. W. STATHAM.





Hymn 115. FORGIVENESS.—7 6 7 6. (*Second Tune.*) B. GESIUS, 1605.





"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

mf "FORGIVE them, O My FATHER,
They know not what they do:"
p The Saviour spake in anguish,
As the sharp nails went through.

No pain'd reproaches gave He
To them that shed His Blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity
cr Large as the love of GOD.

mf For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

p It was my pride and hardness
That hung Him on the Tree;
pp Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

p And often I have slighted
Thy gentle voice that chid;
cr Forgive me too, LORD JESUS;
I knew not what I did.

mf O depth of sweet compassion!
O Love Divine and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

27

Evening.

"And all the Angels stood round about the throne . . . and worshipped God."

FOR FESTIVALS.

mf OUR day of praise is done;
p The evening shadows fall;
cr But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

f Around the Throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
cr But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

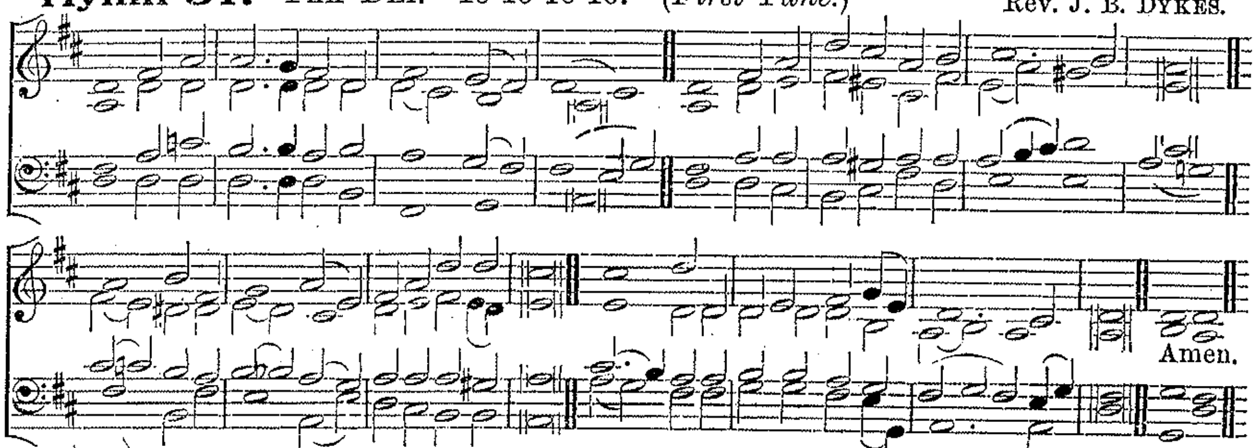
mf Yet, LORD, to Thy dear Will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine Angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

cr A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
f And songs of Angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. ELLERTON.

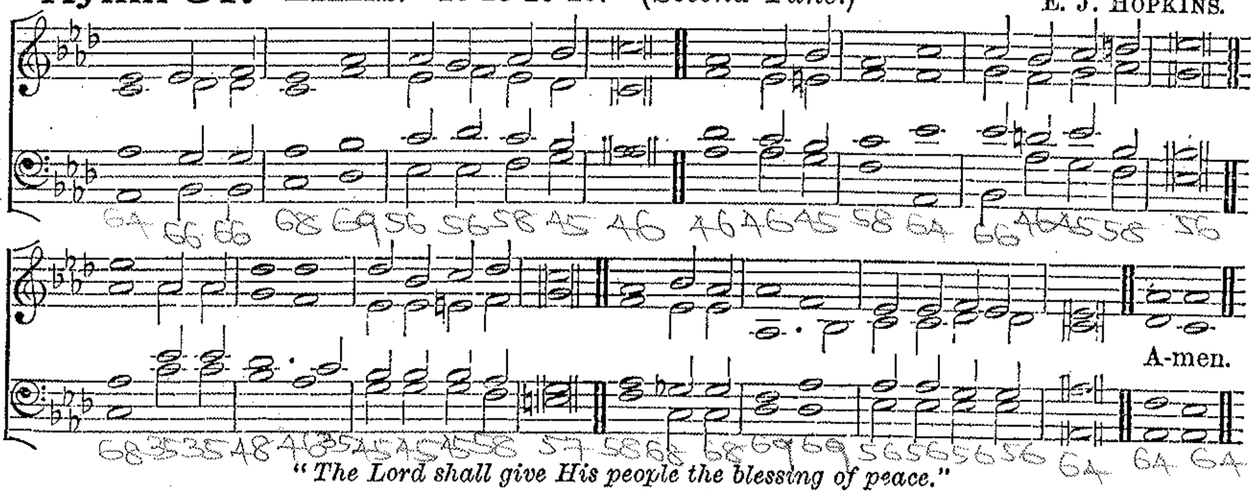
Hymn 31. PAX DEI.—10 10 10 10. (*First Tune.*) Rev. J. B. DYKES.



Bb Ab Db Eb

Hymn 31. ELLERS.—10 10 10 10. (*Second Tune.*) E. J. HOPKINS.

TH-116



"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."

AT THE END OF DIVINE SERVICE.

mf SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
p Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
mf With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have call'd upon Thy Name.

p Grant us Thy peace, LORD, through the coming night;
cr Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
f From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
mf Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease,
p Call us, O LORD, to Thine eternal peace.

J. ELLERTON.

556

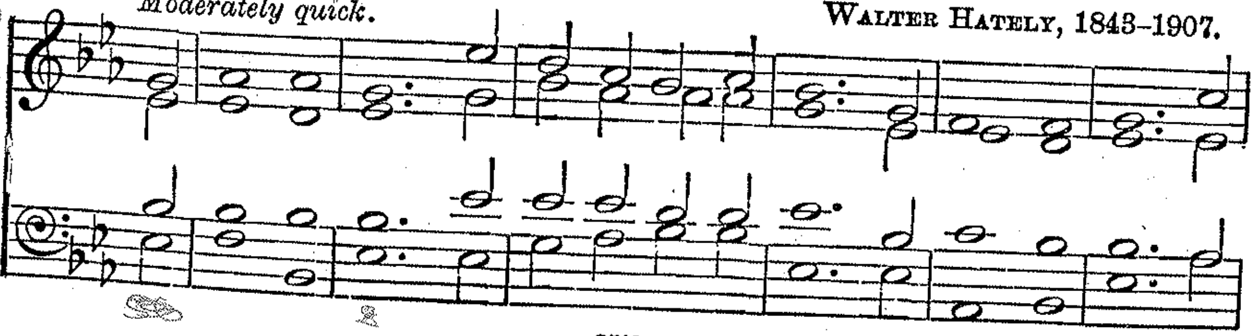
FINLANDIA. (10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.)

Unison. *Moderately quick.* JEAN SIBELIUS, 1865-

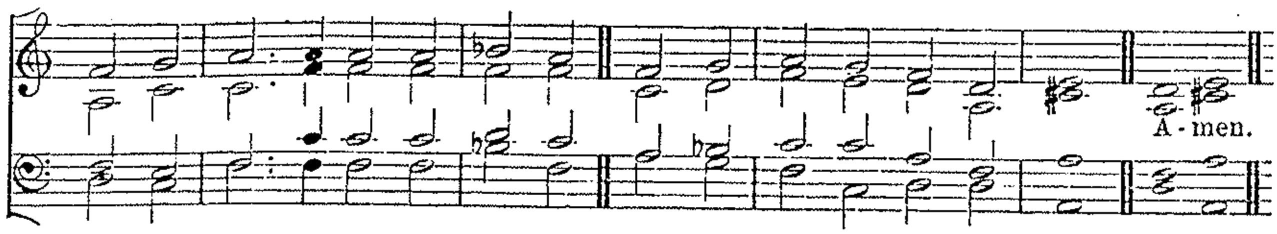


ST. HELEN. (10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.)

Moderately quick. WALTER HATELY, 1843-1907.



Hymns on the Passion.



Hymn 117. Stabat Mater. No. 2.—8 8 7. 8 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



Hymn 117. Stabat Mater. No. 3.—8 8 7. (*Third Tune.*)

Traditional Melody.



"Woman, behold thy son . . . Behold thy mother."

mf At the Cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereavèd,
Bow'd with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

p Oh, how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that Mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the Crucifixion
cr Of her ever-glorious Son.

mf Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?

Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

p For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crown'd with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resign'd.

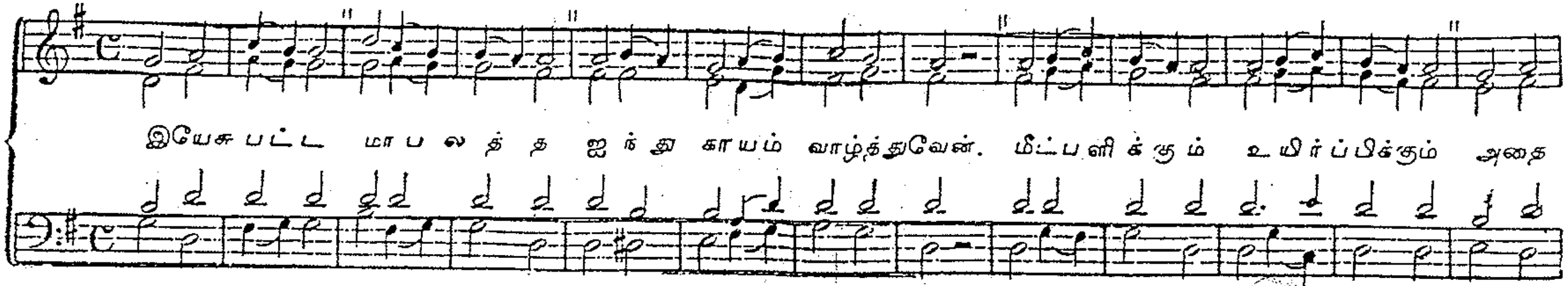
mf Jesu, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
cr That my heart fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

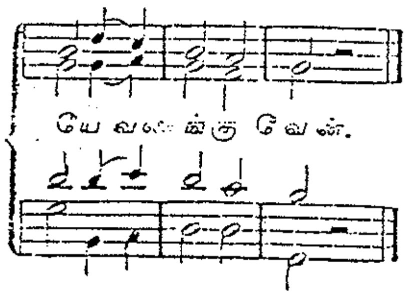
E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin of Jacopone da Todi (?).

TH-100

12. Jesu Wunden

4.4.7.D





2. பாதம் வாழ்த்தி,
என்னைத் தாழ்த்தி,
பாவத்தை அரோசிப்பேன்.
எனக்காக
நீர் அன்பாக
பட்ட வாதைக் கழுவேன்.

3. மாளுகையில்
மீட்பர் கையில்
ஆவி ஒப்புவிக்கிறேன்.
நான் குத்துண்ட
திறவுண்ட
பக்கத்தில் ஒதுங்குவேன்.

H. Bz.

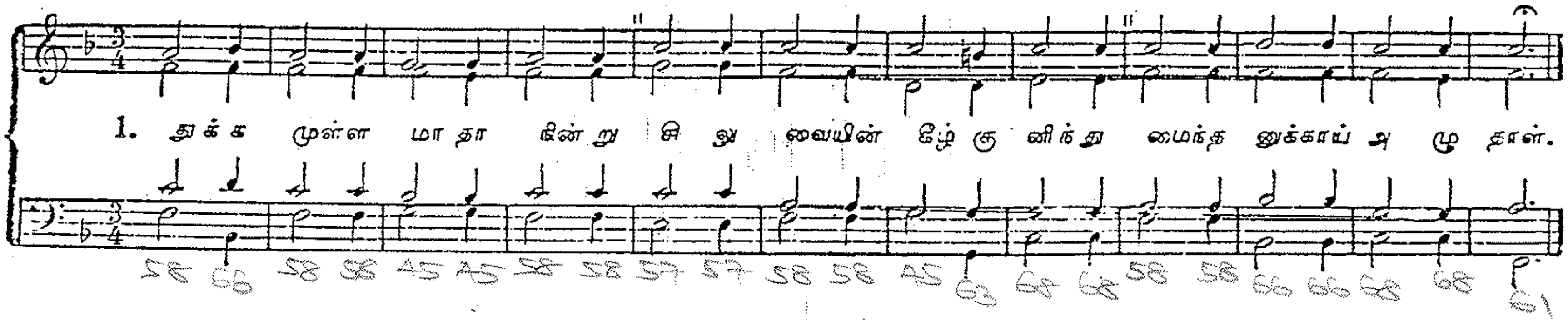
ஞானப்பாட்டு 384

TH-117

Bb

13. Stabat Mater

யோவான் 19:25 8.8.7.D



Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 110. GETHSEMANE.—7 7.7 7.7 7. W. H. MONK: from C. Tye, 1553.



"Remembering Mine affliction and My misery, the wormwood and the gall."

p GO to dark Gethsemane,
  Ye that feel the Tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
  Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
cr Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.

p Follow to the judgment-hall,
  View the LORD of life arraign'd;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
  Oh, the pangs His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
cr Learn of Him to bear the cross.

p Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
cr There, adoring at His Feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
  —GOD's own Sacrifice complete;
p "It is finish'd," hear Him cry;
cr Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 691. J. MONTGOMERY, 1820.

Hymn 111. PASSION CHORALE.—7 6 7 6.7 6 7 6. H. L. HASSLER, 1601.



"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

mf O SACRED Head, surrounded
  By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
  Reviled, and put to scorn!
p Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
  The glow of life decays,
cr Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
dim And tremble as they gaze.

p I see Thy strength and vigour
  All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
  Bereaving Thee of life;
mf O agony and dying!
  O love to sinners free!
p JESU, all grace supplying,
  O turn Thy Face on me.

In this Thy bitter Passion,
  Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
  Unworthy though I be:
mf Beneath Thy Cross abiding
  For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
  And with Thy Presence blest.

Sir H. W. BAKER and Compilers: from the German of P. Gerhardt.

O Come and Mourn with Me Awhile



Go to Dark Gethsemane 193

REDHEAD, NO. 76: 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

James Montgomery, 1820, 1825

Richard Redhead, 1853



Hymn 118. Gethsemane.—7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.



"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

mf THRONED upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
dim Darkness veils Thine anguish'd Face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
pp Hold Thee silent and alone.

p Silent through those three dread hours,
cr Wrestling with the evil powers,
dim Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
pp Till the LAMB of GOD may die.

mf Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
cr Thou, the FATHER'S only SON,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—(*p*) can it be?—
dim "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

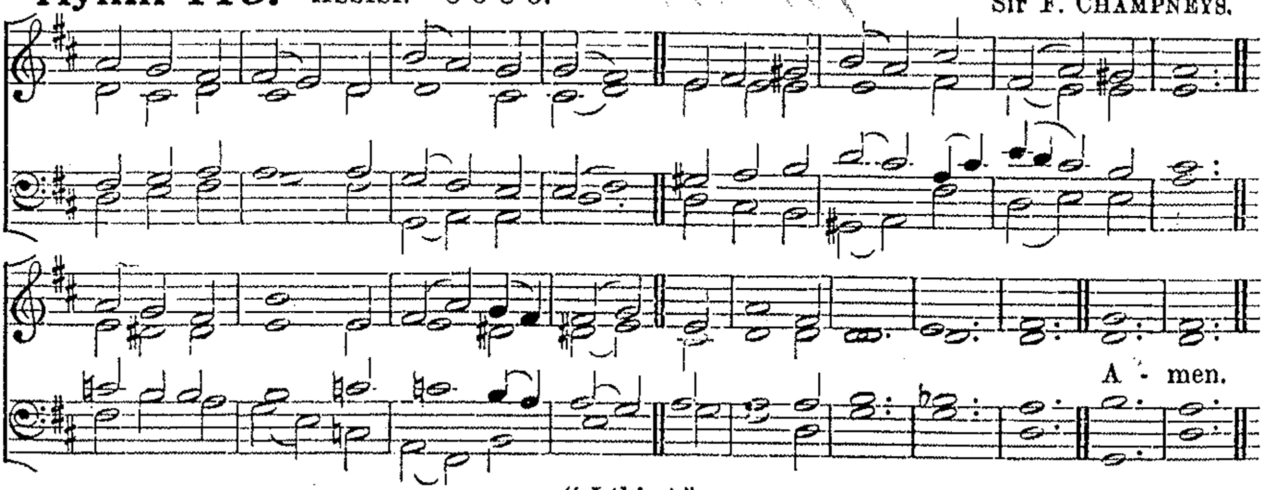
p LORD, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, Who once wast thus bereft
cr That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
mf In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 184.

J. Ellerton.

Hymn 119. Assisi.—8 8 8 6.

Sir F. Champneys.



"I thirst."

mf HIS are the thousand sparkling rills,
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills;
p And yet He saith, "I thirst."

mf All fiery pangs on battle-fields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
p To anguish on the Cross.

mf But more than pains that rack'd Him then
Was the deep longing thirst Divine,
cr That thirsted for the souls of men:
p Dear LORD! and one was mine.

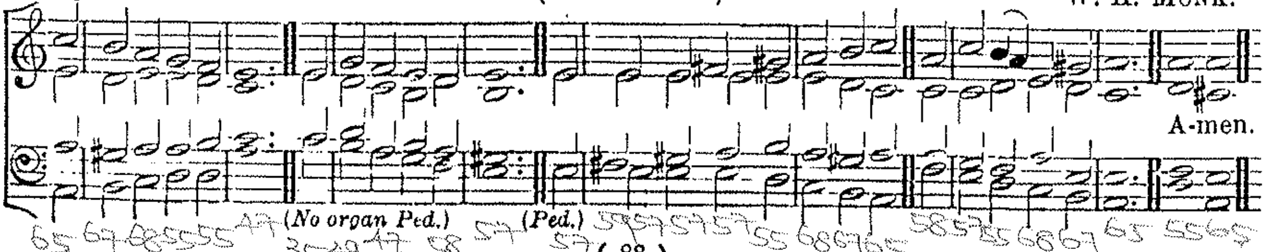
mf O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
p That parch'd dry Lip, that fading Face,
That Thirst were all for me.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 255.

Mrs. Alexander.

Hymn 120. Aber.—S.M. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. Monk.



Hymn 254. STEPHANOS.—8 5 8 3. (*Second Tune.*) Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

p ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
mf "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
p Be at rest!"

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
p "In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

mf Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns."

mf If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

mf If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past."

mf If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f "Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

mf Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
ff "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

J. M. NEALE.

Hymn 255. MISERICORDIA.—8 8 8 6. H. SMART.



"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

p JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

Hymn 118. Gethsemane.—7 7. 7 7. 7 7. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.



"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

mf Throned upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
dim Darkness veils Thine anguish'd Face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
pp Hold Thee silent and alone.

p Silent through those three dread hours,
cr Wrestling with the evil powers,
dim Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
pp Till the Lamb of God may die.

mf Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
cr Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—(*p*) can it be?—
dim "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

p Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, Who once wast thus bereft
cr That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
mf In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 184. J. Ellerton.

Hymn 119. Assisi.—8 8 8 6. Sir F. Champneys.



"I thirst."

mf His are the thousand sparkling rills,
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills;
p And yet He saith, "I thirst."

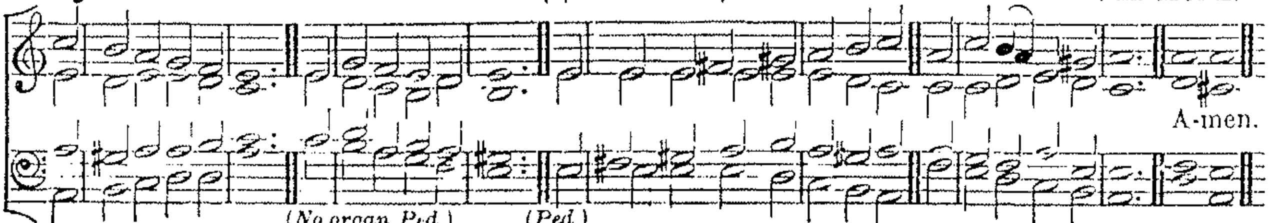
mf All fiery pangs on battle-fields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
p To anguish on the Cross.

mf But more than pains that rack'd Him then
Was the deep longing thirst Divine,
cr That thirsted for the souls of men:
p Dear Lord! and one was mine.

mf O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
p That parch'd dry Lip, that fading Face,
That Thirst were all for me.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 255. Mrs. Alexander.

Hymn 120. Aber.—S.M. (*First Tune.*) W. H. Monk.



Hymn 120. SOUTHWELL.—S.M. (*Second Tune.*) DAMON, *Psalms*, 1579.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 205.

"It is finished."

mf O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finish'd now;
All that He left His Throne above
To do for us below.

No work is left undone
Of all the FATHER will'd;
p His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
cr The Scripture have fulfill'd.

p No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender Heart.

And on His thorn-crown'd Head,
And on His sinless Soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
cr That He might make us whole.

p In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me:
cr O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

mf In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
cr Thy work, O LAMB of GOD, I'll plead,
Thy merits, (*dim*) not my own.

mf Yet work, O LORD, in me
As Thou for me hast wrought;
cr And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

SIR H. W. BAKER.

Hymn 121. COMMENDATIO.—11 10 11 10. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



"Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit."

p AND now, belovèd LORD, Thy Soul resigning
Into Thy FATHER'S arms with conscious Will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy Head inclining,
pp The throbbing Brow and labouring Breast grow still.

mf Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
cr e dim Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy Spirit to Thy FATHER and Thy GOD.

mf Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
dim When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
cr e dim O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish;
cr At that dread eventide let there be light.

p To Thy dear Cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy Breast;
Those outstretch'd Arms receive my latest sighing;
cr And then, oh! then, Thine everlasting Rest.

MRS. ALDERSON.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 494 (THIRD TUNE).

Easter.

Hymn 129. CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.—L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 35.

"Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, Who hath raised Him from the dead."

mf O CHRIST, the heavens' Eternal King,
Creator, unto Thee we sing,
With GOD the FATHER ever ONE,
Co-equal, co-eternal SON.

Thy Hand, when first the world began,
Made in Thine own pure Image man,
And link'd to fleshly form of earth
A living soul of heavenly birth.

And when the envious crafty foe
Had marr'd Thy noblest work below,
Thou didst our ruin'd state repair
By deigning flesh Thyself to wear.

Once of a Virgin born to save,
And now new-born from death's dark grave,
O CHRIST, Thou bidd'st us rise with Thee
From death to immortality.

Eternal Shepherd, Thou art wont
To cleanse Thy sheep within the font,
That mystic bath, that grave of sin,
Where ransom'd souls new life begin.

p Divine Redeemer, Thou didst deign
To bear for us the Cross of pain,
And freely pay the precious price
Of all Thy Blood in sacrifice.

mf JESU, do Thou to every heart
Unceasing Paschal joy impart:
From death of sin and guilty strife
Set free the new-born sons of life.

f All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally.

Compilers: from the Latin.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 1 (SECOND TUNE).

Hymn 130. O FILII ET FILIÆ.—8 8 8 and Alleluias.

French Melody (17th cent.).



Hymn 134. Easter Hymn. No. 2.—7 7 7 7 and Alleluias. (*Second Tune.*)

Lyra Davidica, 1708.



"*The Lord is risen indeed.*"

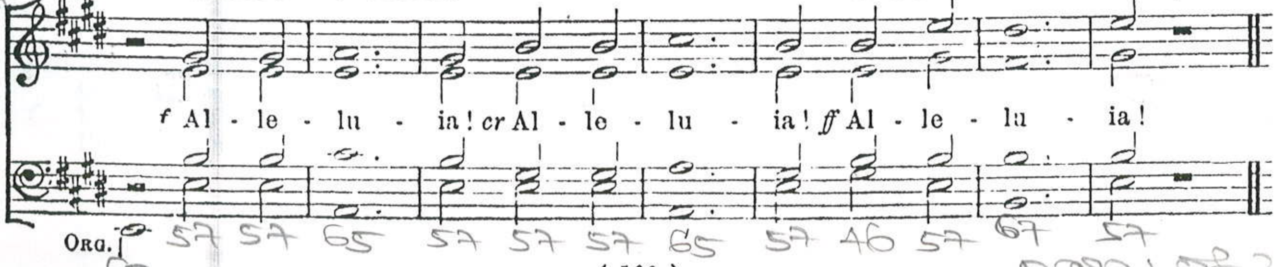
f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
mf Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

f Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!
mf Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured
Alleluia!
f Our salvation hath procured;
Alleluia!
ff Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

From *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

Hymn 135. Victory.—8 8 8 and Alleluias. From P. da Palestrina, 1591.





"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things."

f ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
ff O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

f Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And JESUS hath His foes dispersed;
ff Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

f On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

p LORD, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
f That we may live, and sing to Thee
ff Alleluia!

F. POTT: from the Latin.

Hymn 136. WÜRTEMBURG.—7 7 7 7 4.

J. ROSENMÜLLER (?) (1610-1686).



"Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

f CHRIST the LORD is risen again;
CHRIST hath broken every chain;
Hark! Angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

mf He, Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal LAMB to-day;
f We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

mf He, Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
f Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

mf He, Who slumber'd in the grave,
f Is exalted now to save;
ff Now through Christendom it rings
That the LAMB is King of kings.
Alleluia!

mf Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter Heav'n.
Alleluia!

Thou, our Paschal LAMB indeed,
CHRIST, Thy ransom'd people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
f Let us sing by night and day
ff Alleluia!

CATHERINE WINKWORTH: from the German of M. Weisse.

45. Ermuntre dich, mein schwacher Geist.

Joh. Schop. 1641.



46. Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag.

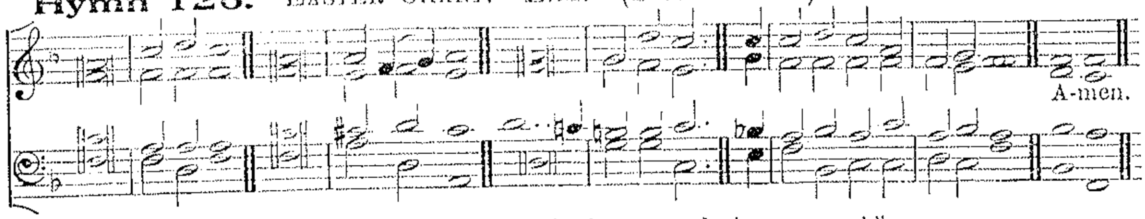
N. Herman. 1560.



Hymn 126. Tristes erant.—L.M. (*First Tune.*) W. H. Monk.



Hymn 126. Easter Chant.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*) Rev. J. B. Dykes.



"The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel."

f *LIGHT'S glittering morn bedécks the sky;
Heav'n thunders forth its victor-cry;
The glad earth shouts her tríumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

*While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of áll its sting,
And, trampling down the pówers of night,
Brings forth His ransom'd Saints to light.

mf*His tomb of late the thréefold guard
Of watch and stone and séal had barr'd;
f But now, in pomp and tríumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

*The pains of hell are lóosed at last;
The days of mourning nów are past;
An Angel robed in light hath said,
ff "The LORD is risen from the dead."

PART 2.

p Th' Apostles' hearts were fúll of pain
For their dear LORD so látely slain,
By rebel servants dóomed to die
A death of cruel agony.

mf With gentle voice the Ángel gave
The women tidings át the grave;
"Fear not, your Master shåll ye see;
He goes before to Galilee."

cr Then, hastening on their éager way
The joyful tidings tó convey,
Their LORD they met, their living LORD,
dim And falling at His Feet adored.

mf Th' Eleven, when they héar, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed,
That there once more they máy behold
The LORD'S dear Face, as He foretold.

PART 3.

t *That Easter-tide with jóy was bright,
The sun shone out with fáirer light,
When, to their longing éyes restored,
Th' Apostles saw their risen LORD.

mf *He bade them see His Hánds, His Side,
Where yet the glorious Wóunds abide;
The tokens true which máde it plain
f Their LORD indeed was risen again.

mf JESU, the King of Géntleness,
Do Thou Thyself our héarts possess,
That we may give Thee áll our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part:

mf O LORD of all, with ús abide
In this our joyful Éaster-tide;
From every weapon deáth can wield
Thine own redeem'd for ever shield.

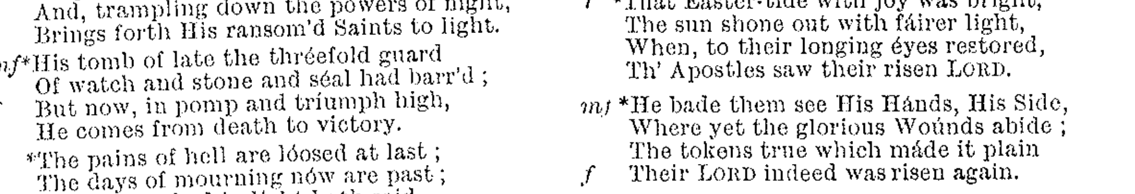
ff *All praise be Thine, O rísen LORD,
From death to endless life restored:
All praise to GOD the FÁTHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally.

J. M. NEALE and Compilers: from the Latin.

* *When the whole Hymn is sung to the Chant, these verses may be sung in unison.*

Hymn 126. Easter Song.—L.M. with Alleluias. (*Third Tune.*)

Catholische Kirchengesänge (Cologne, 1623).



36

TH-124

Easter.



"The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel."

f LIGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky;
Heav'n thunders forth its victor-cry;
Alleluia!
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;
Alleluia!

While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
Alleluia!
And, trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransom'd Saints to light.
Alleluia!

mf His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barr'd;
Alleluia!
f But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.
Alleluia!

The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
Alleluia!
An Angel robed in light hath said,
ff "The LORD is risen from the dead."
Alleluia!

PART 2.

p Th' Apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear LORD so lately slain,
Alleluia!
By rebel servants doom'd to die
A death of cruel agony.
Alleluia!

mf With gentle voice the Angel gave
The women tidings at the grave;
Alleluia!
"Fear not, your Master shall ye see;
He goes before to Galilee."
Alleluia!

cr Then, hastening on their eager way
The joyful tidings to convey,
Alleluia!
Their LORD they met, their living LORD,
dim And falling at His Feet adored.
Alleluia!

mf Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed,
Alleluia!
That there once more they may behold
The LORD'S dear Face, as He foretold.
Alleluia!

PART 3.

f That Easter-tide with joy was bright,
The sun shone out with fairer light,
Alleluia!
When, to their longing eyes restored,
Th' Apostles saw their risen LORD.
Alleluia!

mf He bade them see His Hands, His Side,
Where yet the glorious Wounds abide;
Alleluia!
The tokens true which made it plain
f Their LORD indeed was risen again.
Alleluia!

mf JESU, the King of Gentleness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
Alleluia!
That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.
Alleluia!

The following may be sung separately, or at the end of each Part:

mf O LORD of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
Alleluia!
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeem'd for ever shield.
Alleluia!

ff All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored:
Alleluia!
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally.
Alleluia!

J. M. NEALE and Compilers: from the Latin.

Hymn 139. Magdalen College.—8 8 6. 8 8 6. W. Hayes, 1774.



"The First-begotten of the dead."

mf COME see the place where JESUS lay,
And hear Angelic watchers say,
f "He lives, Who once was slain:
mf Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
f That He would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
ff Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

f The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

mf No more they tremble at the grave,
For JESUS will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
f O risen LORD, in Thee we live,
dim To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,
p To Thee our bodies trust.

T. Kelly, 1804, and Compilers.

Hymn 140. St. Albinus.—7 8. 7 8. 4. (*First Tune.*) H. J. Gauntlett.



Hymn 140. Lindisfarne.—7 8. 7 8. 4. (*Second Tune.*) Rev. J. B. Dykes.



Easter.

"Lo, the winter is past."

f COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
  Of triumphant gladness;
GOD hath brought His Israel
  Into joy from sadness;
mf Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
  Jacob's sons and daughters;
f Led them with unmoisten'd foot
  Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
  CHRIST hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
  As a sun hath risen;
mf All the winter of our sins,
  Long and dark, is flying
f From His Light, to Whom we give
  Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
  With the Day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
  Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
  Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
  JESU's Resurrection.

ff Alleluia now we cry
  To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
  Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the SON
  GOD the FATHER praising;
Alleluia yet again
  To the SPIRIT raising.

J. M. NEALE: from the Greek.
Doxology by Compilers

Hymn 134. EASTER HYMN. No. 1.—7 7 7 7 and Alleluias. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. MONK.



"The Lord is risen indeed."

f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
  Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
  Alleluia!
mf Who did once, upon the Cross,
  Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
  Alleluia!

f Hymns of praise then let us sing
  Alleluia!
Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King,
  Alleluia!
mf Who endured the Cross and grave,
  Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
  Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured
  Alleluia!
f Our salvation hath procured;
  Alleluia!
ff Now above the sky He's King,
  Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing.
  Alleluia!

From *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

Hymn 134. EASTER HYMN. No. 2.—7 7 7 7 and Alleluias. (*Second Tune.*)

Lyra Davidica, 1708.



" The Lord is risen indeed."

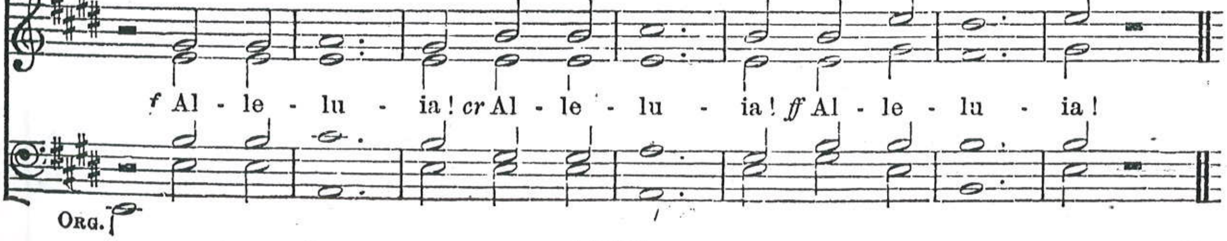
f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
mf Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

f Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!
mf Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured
Alleluia!
f Our salvation hath procured;
Alleluia!
ff Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

From *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

Hymn 135. VICTORY.—8 8 8 and Alleluias. From P. DA PALESTRINA, 1591.



Hymn 137. LUX EOI.—8 7 8 7 . 8 7 8 7. Sir A. SULLIVAN.



"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

f ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! Hearts to Heav'n and voices raise ;
Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness, sing to GOD a hymn of praise ;
p He, Who on the Cross a Victim for the world's salvation bled,
f JESUS CHRIST, the King of glory, now is risen from the dead.

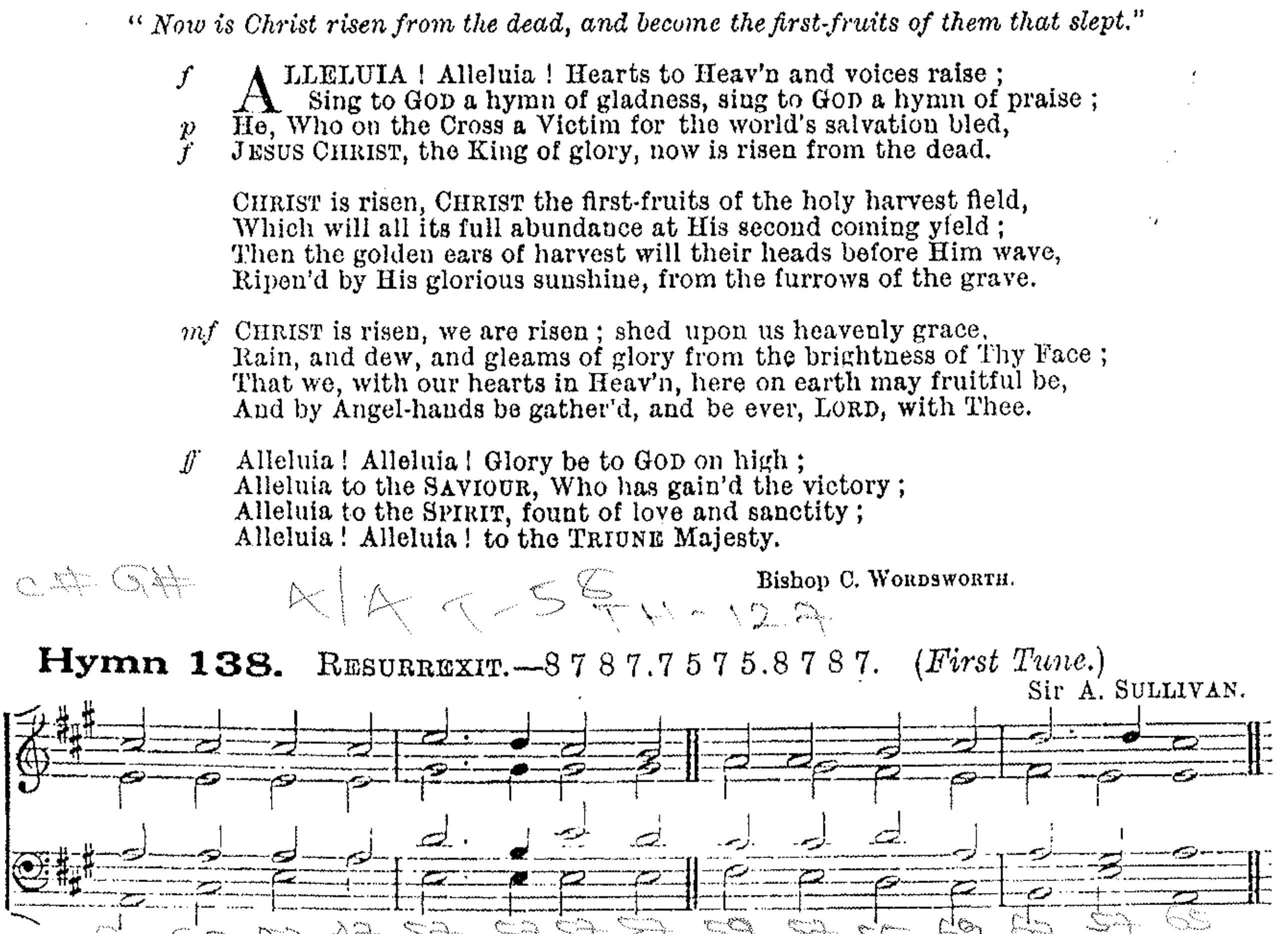
CHRIST is risen, CHRIST the first-fruits of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance at His second coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before Him wave,
Ripen'd by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

mf CHRIST is risen, we are risen ; shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy Face ;
That we, with our hearts in Heav'n, here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gather'd, and be ever, LORD, with Thee.

ff Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Glory be to GOD on high ;
Alleluia to the SAVIOUR, Who has gain'd the victory ;
Alleluia to the SPIRIT, fount of love and sanctity ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! to the TRIUNE Majesty.

Bishop C. WORDSWORTH.

Hymn 138. RESURREXIT.—8 7 8 7 . 7 5 7 5 . 8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*) Sir A. SULLIVAN.



TH - 127

Easter.



"He is risen."

f CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!
mf For our gain He suffer'd loss
By Divine decree;
p He hath died upon the Cross,
f But our GOD is He.
ff CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!

mf See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heav'n above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, LORD of love;
f He for evermore shall reign
By the FATHER'S side,
dim. Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His Bride.
ff CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!

mf Glorious Angels downward thronging
Hail the LORD of all the skies;
Heav'n, with joy and holy longing
For the WORD Incarnate, cries,
f "CHRIST is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign."
ff CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. GURNEY.

page 2 of 2

General Hymns.

Hymn 232. Urbs beata.—8 7.8 7.8 7. (*First Tune.*)

To be sung in Unison.

Sarum Melody.



An Alternative Version of this Tune is given at Hymn **396**, *and also a lower setting of this Version.*

TH - 12 8, 208

Hymn 232. Regent Square.—8 7.8 7.8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

H. Smart.



TH-128 43

Sacred Songs and Solos:

REVISED AND ENLARGED,

WITH STANDARD HYMNS.

In order to facilitate reference to the existing editions of SACRED SONGS & SOLOS, NEW HYMNS & SOLOS, *and* THE CHRISTIAN CHOIR, *the original Nos. in those books are inserted after the Nos., thus:—*

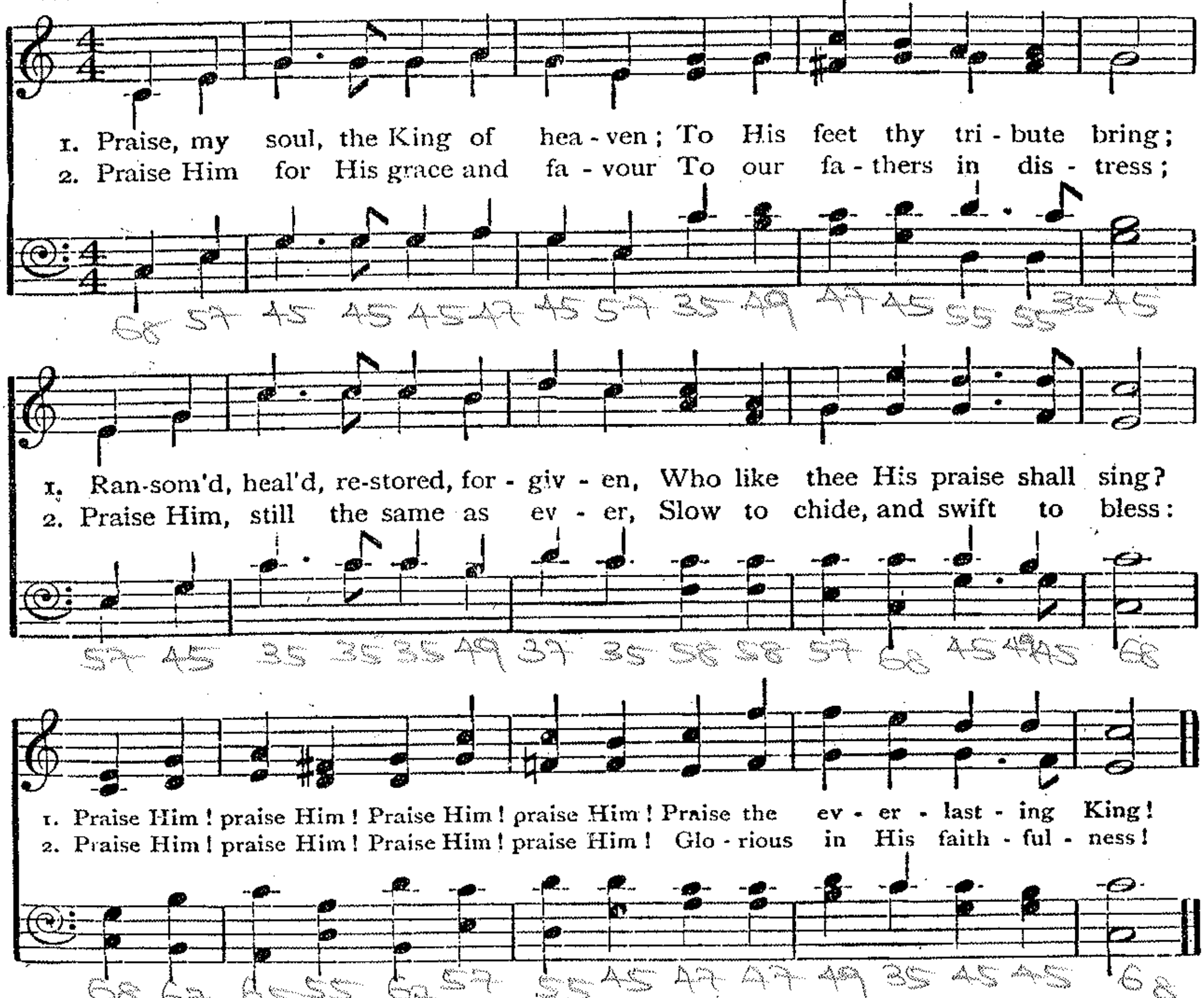
No. 1. (S.S. 679); No. 27. (N.H. 64); No. 36. (C.C. 75)

GOD THE FATHER—Creation, Providence, Redemption.

No. 1. (S.S. 679) Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven!

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—PSALM cxlvi. 1.

H. F. LYTE. (TRIUMPH. 8.7.4.) DR. GAUNTLETT.



3. Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

4. Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face!
Sun and moon, bow down before Him!
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

15. Triumph ! Triumph! es kommt



2. மீட்பர் அடைந்த வெற்றிக்கு
எச்சிஷ்டியும் களிக்குது;
சீர்கெட்ட பூமிக்குள்ளதாம்
சாபம் அத்தால் நிவிர்த்தியாம்.
நல்ல ஜெயம் மு.

3. கர்த்தர் மரிக்கும் நாளிலே
இருண்ட சூரியன் இன்றே
அவர் உயிர்த்த வெற்றிக்கு
ப்ரகாசமாய் விளங்குது.
நல்ல ஜெயம் மு.

4. மா சாந்த ஆட்டுக்குட்டியாய்
இருந்தோர் வல்ல சிங்கமாய்
வாறார், பகைஞரினுட
பத்திரக் காவல் விருதா.
நல்ல ஜெயம் மு.

5. பாவ விஷத்தின் தோஷமும்
அத்தால் இருந்த தீமையும்
ரட்சகராலே நீங்கிற்று,
மகிமை தேடப்பட்டது.
நல்ல ஜெயம்மு.

6. உத்தரவாதமாயிற்று,
சபிக்கப்பட்ட ஜீவிக்கு
நம்மில் பயமில்லாதேபோம்,
சாவுக்கினி பயந்திரோம்.
நல்ல ஜெயம் மு.

7. மெட்டிமையான பேலியாள்
தன்னுண்டுபோய் விழுந்ததால்
அதின் அரண்கள் யாவுக்கும்
நிர்மூலமாகுதல் வரும்.
நல்ல ஜெயம் மு.

8. யேசுநீர் ஆத்துமங்களை
நீர் தேற்றி சமாதானத்தை
தந்ததுபோலே, இயேசுவே,
நீர் எங்களுக்கும் தாரீரே,
நல்ல ஜெயம் மு.

9. நாங்கள் உடந்தையாய் உம்மால்
ஜெயித்து, மோட்ச வாசலால்
உட்பிரவேசித்தென்றைக்கும்
உம்முடை அன்பைப் பாடவும்.
நல்ல ஜெயம் மு.

Fabricius ஞானப்பாட்டு 72

H. Ammersbach † 1691.

Hymn 650. Salve festa dies.—10 10.

B. Luard Selby.

The Refrain is first sung by Solo Voices, then repeated by Chorus in Unison.



A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 652.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."

f HAIL, festal day, whose glory never ends;
Now hell is vanquish'd, Christ to heav'n ascends.

All nature with new births of beauty gay
Acknowledges her Lord's return to-day.
Hail, festal day, &c.

The Crucified is King; creation's prayer
To its Creator rises everywhere.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Let what Thou promisedst, fair Power, be done;
The third day shines; arise, O buried One.
Hail, festal day, &c.

It cannot be that Joseph's sepulchre
Should keep the whole world's Ransom prisoner.
Hail, festal day, &c.

No rock of stone His passage can withstand,
Who gathers all the world within His hand.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Leave to the grave Thy grave-clothes; let them fall;
Without Thee we have naught, and with Thee all.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Thou gavest life, and dost endure the grave;
Thou tread'st the way of death, from death to save.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Bring back the day,—Thy dying made it night,—
That ages in Thy face may see the light.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Thy rescued are like sand beside the sea,
And where their Saviour goes, they follow free.
Hail, festal day, &c.

The law of death has ceased the world to blight,
And darkness quails before the face of light.
Hail, festal day, &c.

A. J. Mason: from Venantius Fortunatus.

Hymn 652. SALVE FESTA DIES.—10 10. B. LUARD SELBY.

The Refrain is first sung by Solo Voices, then repeated by Chorus in Unison.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn **650.**

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."

f HAIL, festal day, whose glory never ends;
Now hell is vanquish'd, CHRIST to heav'n ascends.

All nature with new births of beauty gay
Acknowledges her LORD'S return to-day.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Fair weather brings the flow'rs, and earth is bright;
From heaven's open door streams ampler light.
Hail, festal day, &c.

The greenwood trees, the fields in blossom swell
The joy of CHRIST'S return from that dark hell.
Hail, festal day, &c.

CHRIST is gone up; no longer sin shall reign;
Praise Him, blue sky, and sunlit sea and plain.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Set free the captives of the pit below;
Call back again the things that downward go.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Thy rescued are like sand beside the sea,
And where their Saviour goes, they follow free.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Nurse in Thine arms Thy people cleansed from stain,
And bear to GOD a gift made pure again.
Hail, festal day, &c.

One wreath receive for Thine own works on high,
Another for Thy people's victory.
Hail, festal day, &c.

O SAVIOUR CHRIST, Thou art GOD'S only Son,
Creator and Redeemer both in one.
Hail, festal day, &c.

As ancient as Thy Father and not less,
By Thee the world arose from nothingness.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Thou, seeing all men crush'd beneath the ban,
Didst put on manhood to deliver man.
Hail, festal day, &c.

A. J. MASON: from Venantius Fortunatus.



Holy Innocents (January 28).

Words: Coventry carol, 15th cent.
Music: *Coventry Carol,* melody from *Pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors,* 15th cent.; harm. Martin Fallas Shaw (1875-1958)

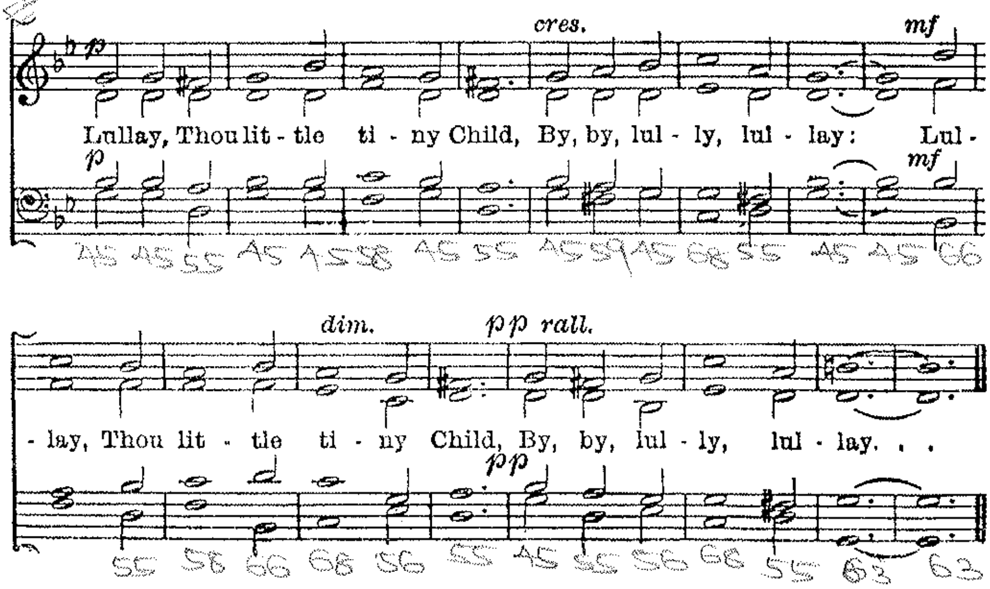
44. 6 D with Refrain

804 Nativity. 8.6.6. 8.6.6.

F. C. Maker.



805 Coventry Carol. C.M.





General Hymns.

Hymn 683. Hermas.—6 5. 12 lines. Miss F. R. Havergal.



[*For copyright, see* p. lv.]

"Who is on the Lord's side?"

f WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
mf By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

mf Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy great redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

mf Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
f But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Vict'ry is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
f Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, call'd, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
mf Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
f Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

Frances R. Havergal.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

f ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of Heav'n, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

mf That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where JESUS lay.
Alleluia!

An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your LORD doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

p That night th' Apostles met in fear;
cr Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
And said, (*p*) "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

mf When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen LORD,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

p "My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands My Feet I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

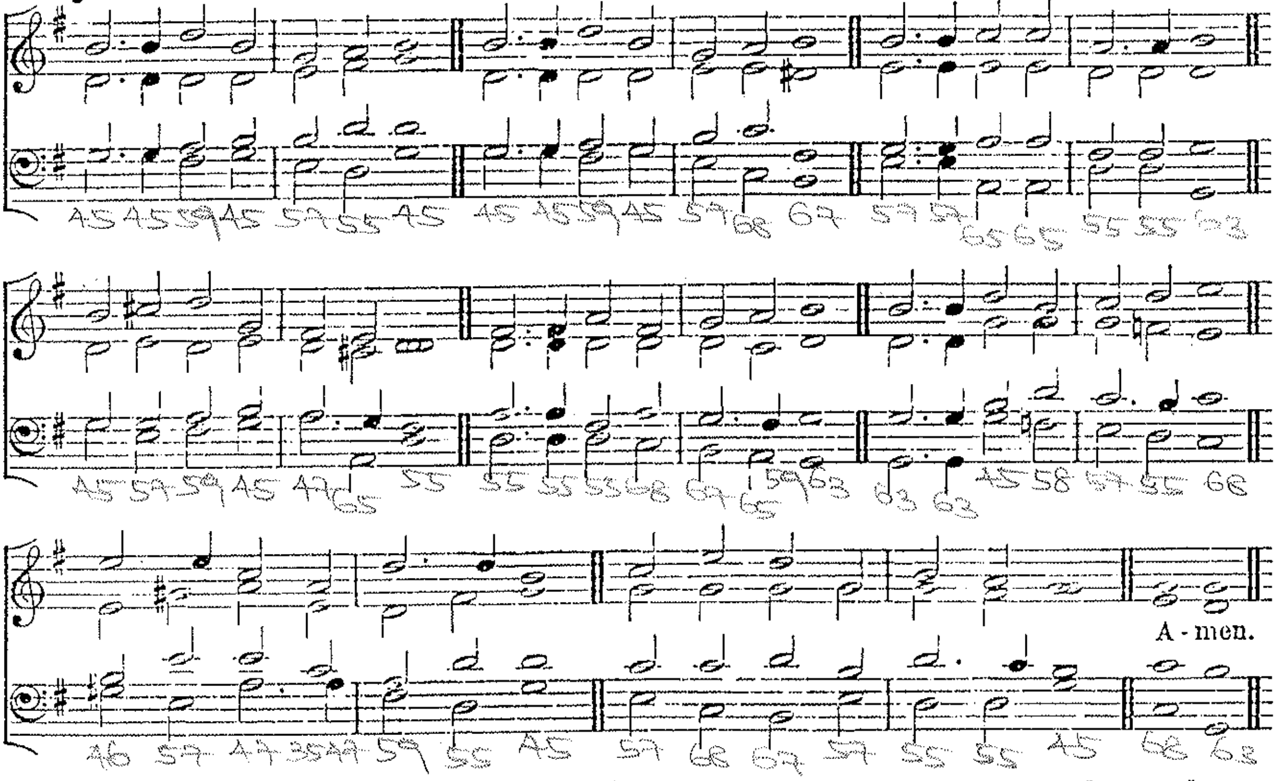
mf No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;
f "Thou art my LORD and GOD," he cried.
Alleluia!

How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days,
To GOD your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
ff Alleluia!

J. M. NEALE: from the Latin of J. Tisserand.

Hymn 131. ST. GEORGE.—7 7 7 7. 7 7 7 7. Sir G. J. ELVEY.



"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

f CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day;
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
mf For the sheep the LAMB hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
ff "CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

f CHRIST, the Victim undefiled,
Man to GOD hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life:
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
ff "CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

mf CHRIST, Who once for sinners bled,
f Now the first-born from the dead,
ff Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, Eternal Hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of life adored!
mf Help and save us, gracious LORD.

JANE E. LEESON.

1. Ach Gott, erhör mein Seufzen.

Frankfurt 1662.



2. Ach Gott und Herr.

(Leipzig 1625. Umbildg. bei Petr. Artomius 1638) Freiberg 1655.



Stich & Druck von Engelmann & Mühlberg, Leipzig.

Hymn 304. DIADEMATA.—D.S.M.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.



"And on His Head were many crowns."

f CROWN Him with many crowns,
The LAMB upon His Throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
p Of Him Who died for thee,
cr And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

f Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
p The GOD Incarnate born,
cr Whose Arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn:
p Fruit of the mystic Rose,
cr As of that Rose the Stem;
mf The Root whence mercy ever flows,
p The Babe of Bethlehem.

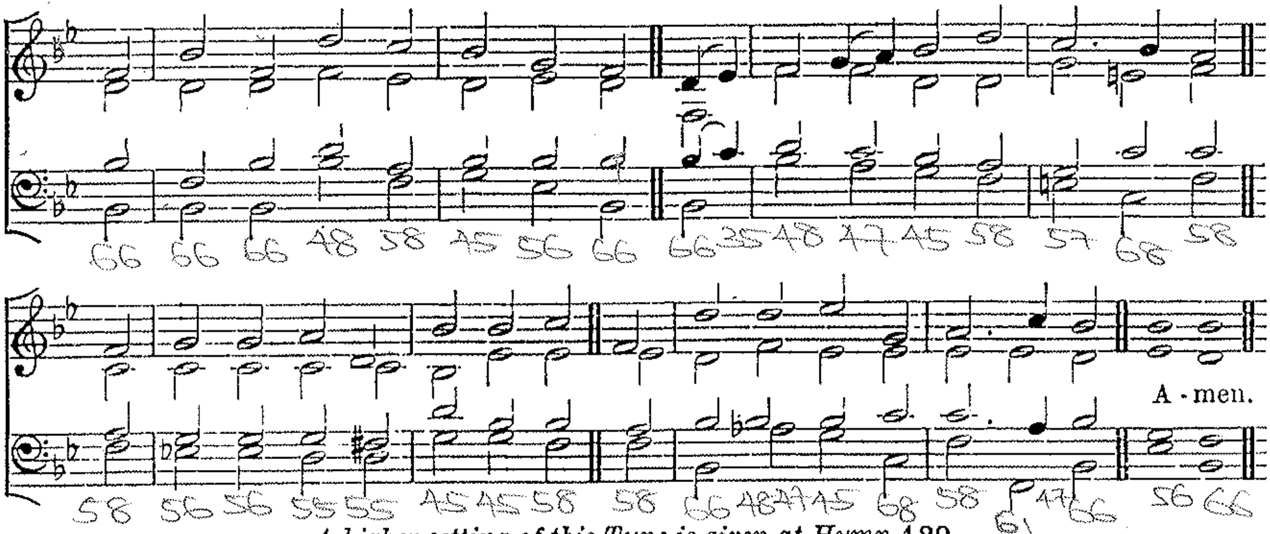
mf Crown Him the LORD of love;
p Behold His Hands and Side,
cr Those Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
p No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
pp rit But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

mf Crown Him the LORD of peace,
cr Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
f His reign shall know no end,
p And round His piercèd Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
cr Their fragrance ever sweet.

f Crown Him the LORD of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably Sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
p For Thou hast died for me;
ff Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

M. BRIDGES, 1851.

Hymn 35. CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.—L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 129.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."

mf AGAIN the LORD'S own day is here,
The day to Christian people dear,
As, week by week, it bids them tell
f How JESUS rose from death and hell.

mf For by His flock their LORD declared
His Resurrection should be shared;
And we who trust in Him to save
f With Him are risen from the grave.

mf We, one and all, of Him possess'd,
Are with exceeding treasures bless'd;
For all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share.

Eternal glory, rest on high,
A blessèd immortality,
True peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all His gifts, and all our own.

f And therefore unto Thee we sing,
O LORD of peace, Eternal King;
Thy love we praise, Thy Name adore,
Both on this day and evermore.

J. M. NEALE and Compilers: from Thomas à Kempis.

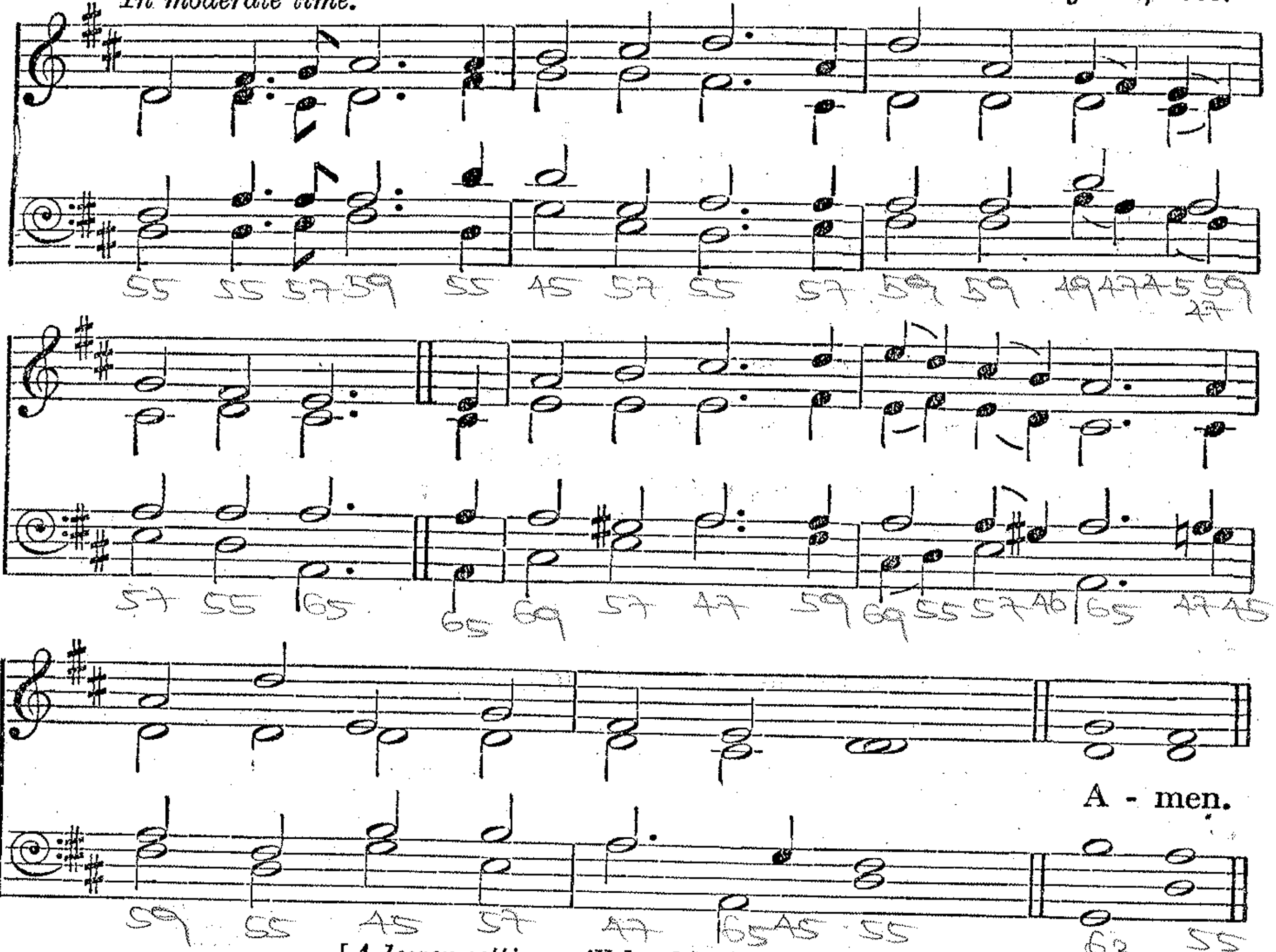
ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 449 (SECOND TUNE).

Hymn 36. WORDSWORTH.—7 6 7 6. 7 6 7 6. W. H. MONK.



369 TRURO. (L.M.)

In moderate time. *Psalmodia Evangelica,* 1789.



[*A lower setting will be found at No.* 647.]

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone';
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1759–1829.

Also the following:

149 O come, O come, Immanuel
150 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus
162 Wake, awake! for night is flying
571 The God of Abraham praise

Hymn 146. Bishop.—L.M.

J. Bishop, 1665-1737.



"By His own Blood He entered in once into the holy place."

mf O Saviour, Who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
f Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy Feet:
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

The Angel-host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God-and-Man! the Father's Throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou
Within the veil art enter'd now,
mf To offer there Thy precious Blood
p Once pour'd on earth a cleansing flood.

mf And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

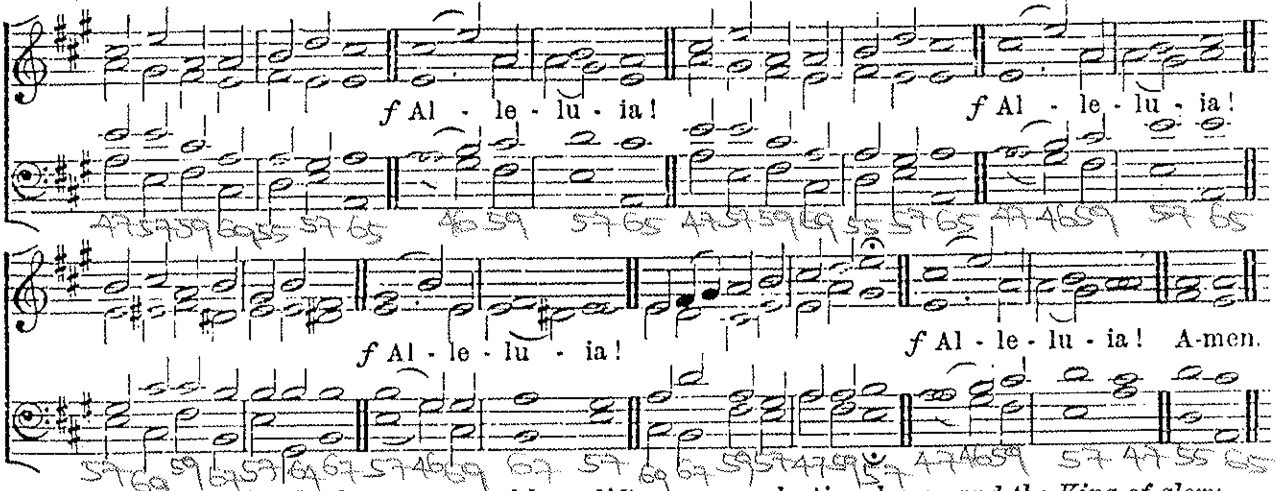
f All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

For Plainsong Tune, see Hymn **311.**

J. Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin of C. Coffin.

Hymn 147. Ascension.—7 7 7 7 with Alleluias.

W. H. Monk.



"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

f Hail the day that sees Him rise
Alleluia!
To His Throne above the skies;
Alleluia!
p Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Alleluia!
f Enters now the highest Heav'n.
Alleluia!

There for Him high triumph waits;
Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Alleluia!
He hath conquer'd death and sin;
Alleluia!
Take the King of glory in.
Alleluia!

Lo! the Heav'n its Lord receives,
Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Alleluia!
Though returning to His Throne,
Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia!

See! He lifts His Hands above;
Alleluia!
p See! He shows the prints of love;
Alleluia!
f Hark! His gracious Lips bestow
Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below.
Alleluia!

Hymn 139. Magdalen College.—8 8 6. 8 8 6. W. Hayes, 1774.



"The First-begotten of the dead."

mf COME see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear Angelic watchers say,
f "He lives, Who once was slain:
mf Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
f That He would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
ff Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

f The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

mf No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
f O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
dim To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,
p To Thee our bodies trust.

T. Kelly, 1804, and Compilers.

Hymn 140. St. Albinus.—7 8. 7 8. 4. (*First Tune.*) H. J. Gauntlett.



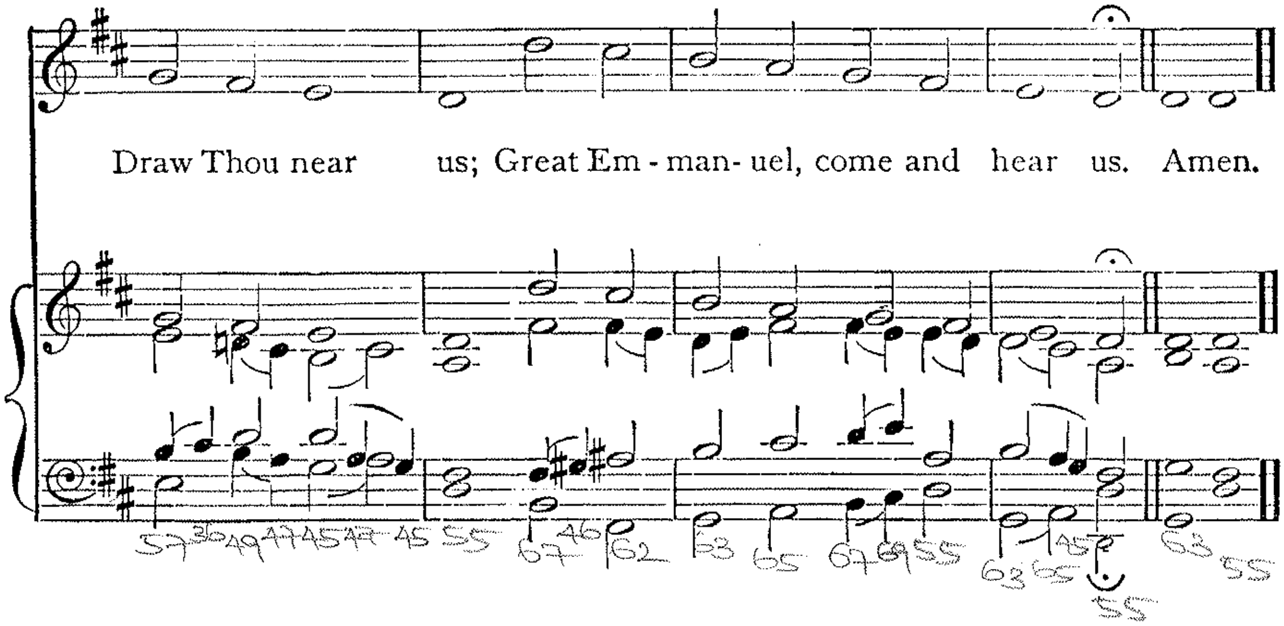
Hymn 140. Lindisfarne.—7 8. 7 8. 4. (*Second Tune.*) Rev. J. B. Dykes.



98 Sundays after Epiphany.

FRANKFORT. P.M. PHILIP NICOLAI, 1599.
Harmonies by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750.





2 Though circled by the hosts on high,
He deigned to cast a pitying eye
Upon His helpless creature;
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest seraphim adored,
Assumed our very nature;
Jesus, grant us,
Through Thy merit, to inherit
Thy salvation;
Hear, O hear our supplication.

3 Rejoice, ye heavens; thou earth, reply;
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For this His incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know Thy salvation.
Amen, Amen!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise be given
Evermore, by earth and heaven. Amen.

PHILIP NICOLAI, 1599;
Tr. WILLIAM MERCER, *recast* 1859.

174. Wie groß ist des Allmächtgen Güte. Ph. Em. Bach. 1787.



175. Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern. Ph. Nicolai? 1599.



567 SEELENBRÄUTIGAM (ARNSTADT). (5 5. 8 8. 5 5.)

Slow. ADAM DRESE, 1620–1701.



Jesu, geh' voran.

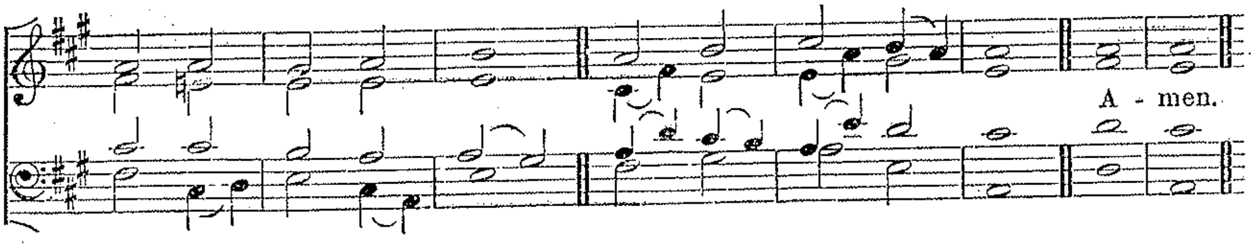
JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF, 1700–60;
tr. by JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK, 1813–97.



Hymn 669. St. Hubert.—5 5.8 8.5 5. (*Second Tune.*) Rev. L. Darwall.





[*For copyright, see* p. lv.]

Hymn 669. Bow Church.—5 5.8 8.5 5. (*Third Tune.*) G. Bullivant.





[*For copyright, see* p. lv.]

"*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*"

mf JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
cr We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

p If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
cr Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

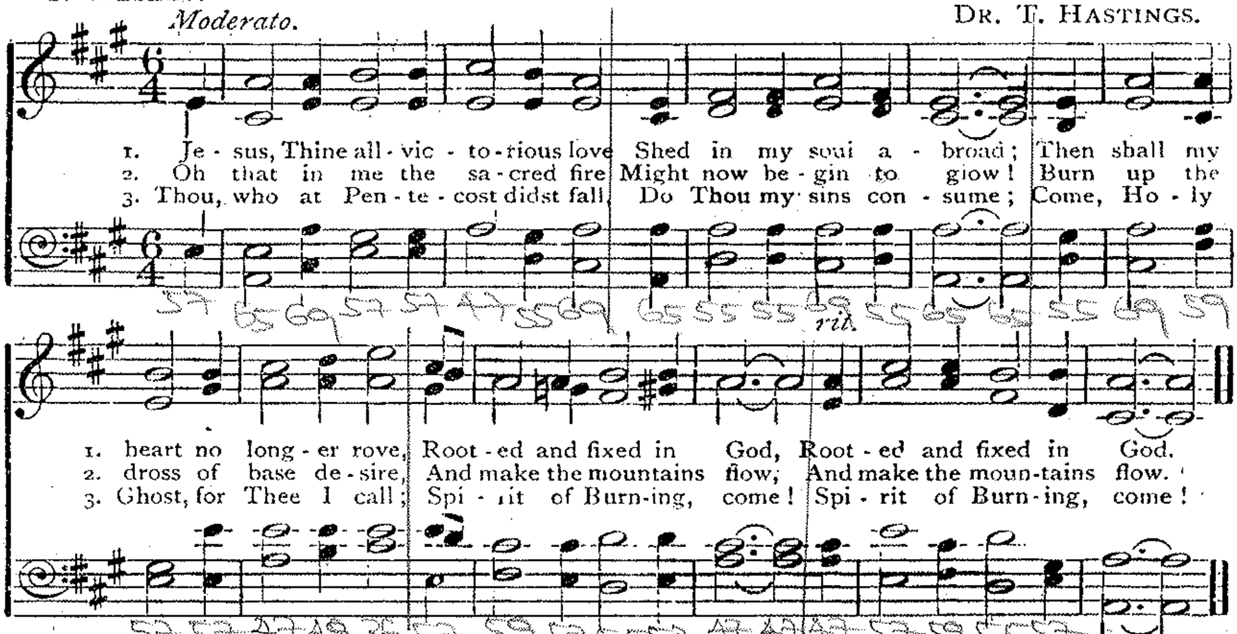
p When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppress'd by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
mf Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

f Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Jane L. Borthwick: from the German of Count Zinzendorf.

No. 187. Jesus, Thine All-Victorious Love. C.M.

C. WESLEY. "The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. iii. 19. DR. T. HASTINGS.



4. Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5. My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

No. 188. (S.S. 212) Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!

"He hath given us of His Spirit."—1 JOHN iv. 13.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (FARRANT. C.M.) R. FARRANT.



No. 189. Come, Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire. C.M.

"The Holy Ghost . . . shall teach you all things."—JOHN xiv. 26.

1. COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2. Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by Thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, Thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred book.

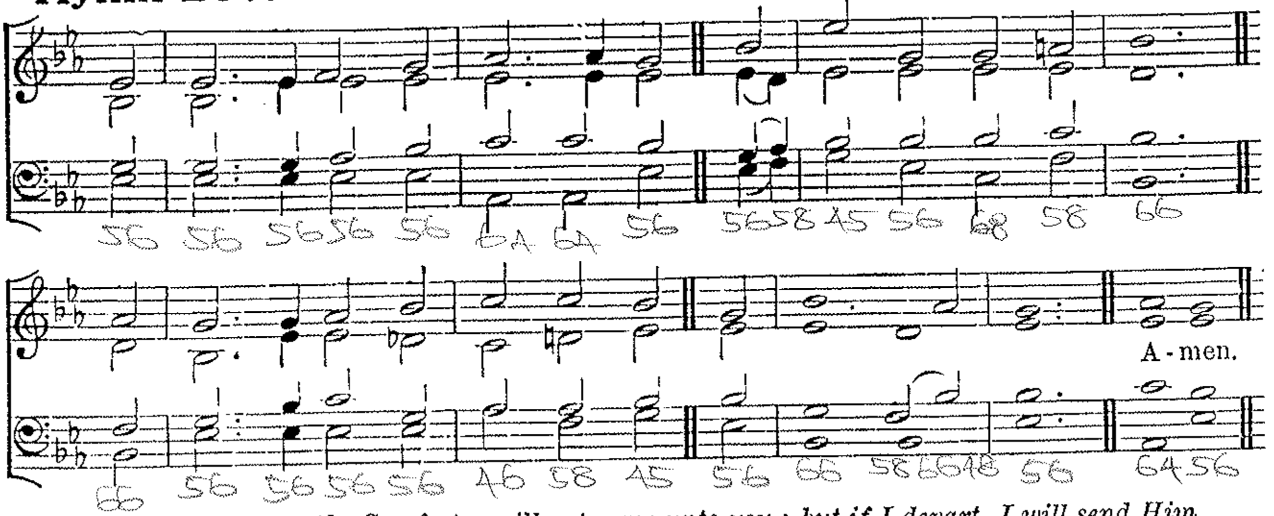
3. Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4. God, through Himself, we then shall know
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love Divine.

C. Wesley.

Hymn 207. St. Cuthbert.—8 6 8 4.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



"If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."

p OUR Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

p And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heav'n.

cr And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
mf Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

Hymn 208. Tallis.—C.M.

T. Tallis, 1567.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 72.

"The communion of the Holy Ghost."

mf O HOLY Spirit, Lord of grace,
Eternal Fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from Heav'n above.

As Thou in bond of love dost join
The Father and the Son,
So fill us all with mutual love,
And knit our hearts in one.

f All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

J. Chandler and Compilers:
from the Latin of C. Coffin.

7. Ach wir armen Sünder.

(Handschr. a… d. Ende des … Jhs.) Nür…erg …52



8. Allein Gott in der Höh.

(Altliturg: et in terra pax) Leipzig 1539.





9. Allein zu dir Herr Jesu Christ.

Wittenberg 1541.





"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."

mf THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

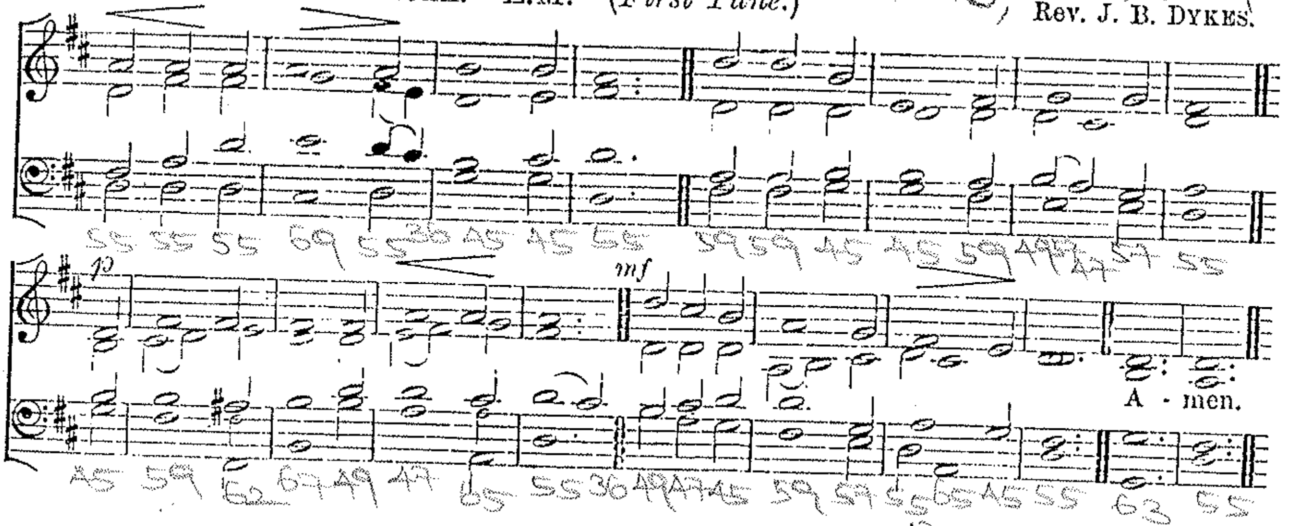
Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy Light Divine;
And let charity benign
p Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of Heav'n;
Shed a holy calm.

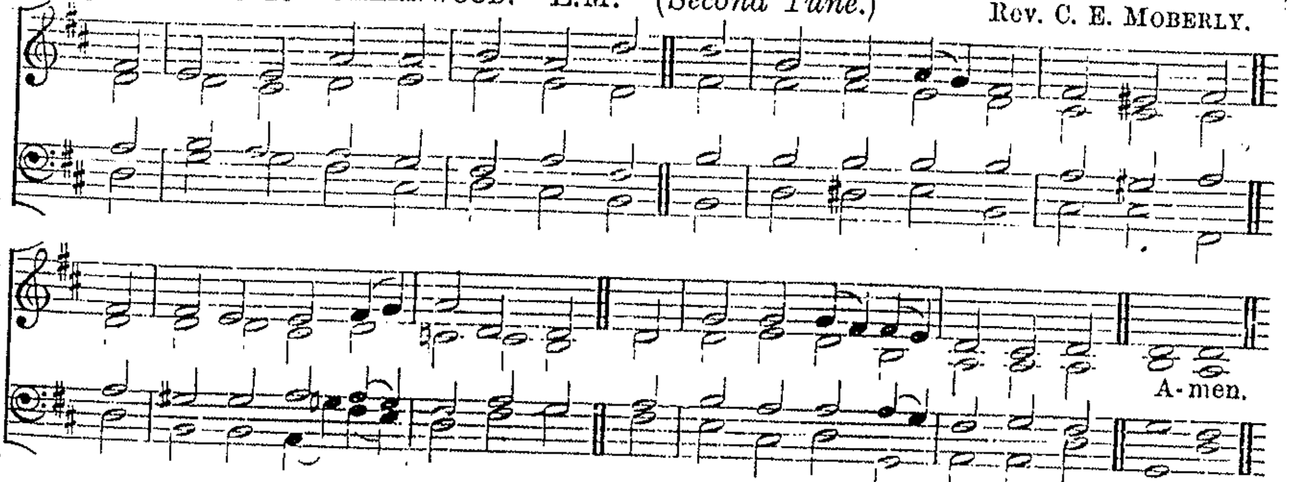
mf THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
cr With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

G. RORISON.

Hymn 164. RIVAULX.—L.M. (*First Tune.*) Rev. J. B. DYKES.



Hymn 164. CHARNWOOD.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*) Rev. C. E. MOBERLY.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 664.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

mf FATHER of Heav'n, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
mf To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty SON, Incarnate WORD,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD,
p Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
mf To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal SPIRIT, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
mf To us Thy quickening power extend.

Thrice Holy! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON;
Mysterious GODHEAD, THREE in ONE,
p Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
mf Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

E. COOPER. 1805.

Hymn 360. Moscow.—6 6 4. 6 6 6 4. (*Second Tune.*) F. Giardini, 1769.



"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

mf THOU, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
cr And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

mf Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
cr Oh! now to all mankind
f Let there be light.

mf Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
p Move on the waters' face,
cr Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
f Let there be light.

mf Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
f Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
cr Through the earth, far and wide,
ff Let there be light.

J. Marriott, 1813.

Hymn 361. Macedon.—8 8. 8 8. 8 8. (*First Tune.*) C. A. Barry.



No. 203. (3rd Tune.) All Hail the Power!

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."—REVELATION xix. 16.

EDWARD PERRONET. (DIADEM. C.M.) J. ELLOR.



Verses 3–6 on opposite page.

No. 204. ($\frac{S.S.}{725}$) Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

"My Beloved is mine: and I am His."—SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 16.

J. G. DECK. (LYTE. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.) J. P. HOLBROOK.



2. Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

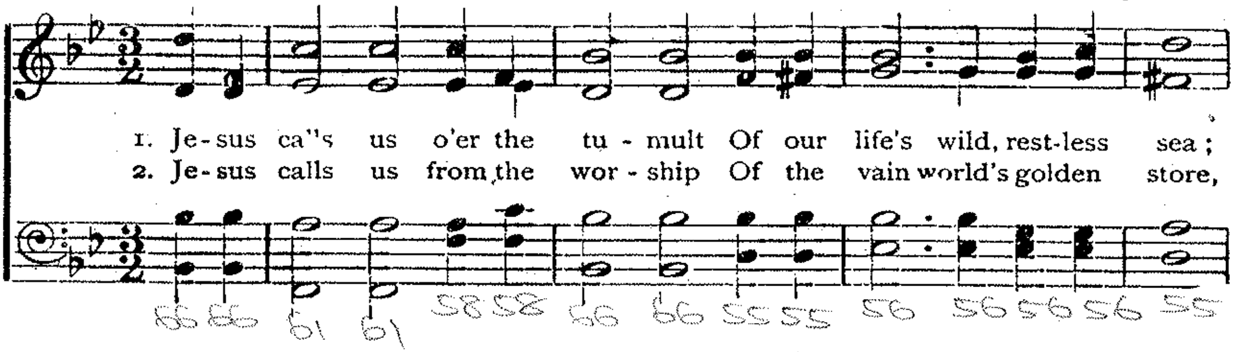
3. When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

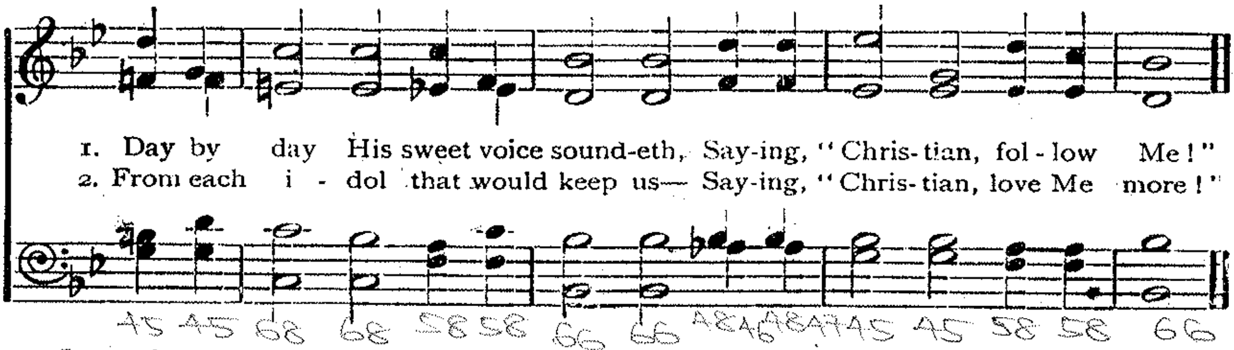
4. Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

No. 762. Jesus Calls us.

"Follow Me!"—MATTHEW iv. 19.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. (GALILEE. 8.7.8.7.) W. H. JUDE.





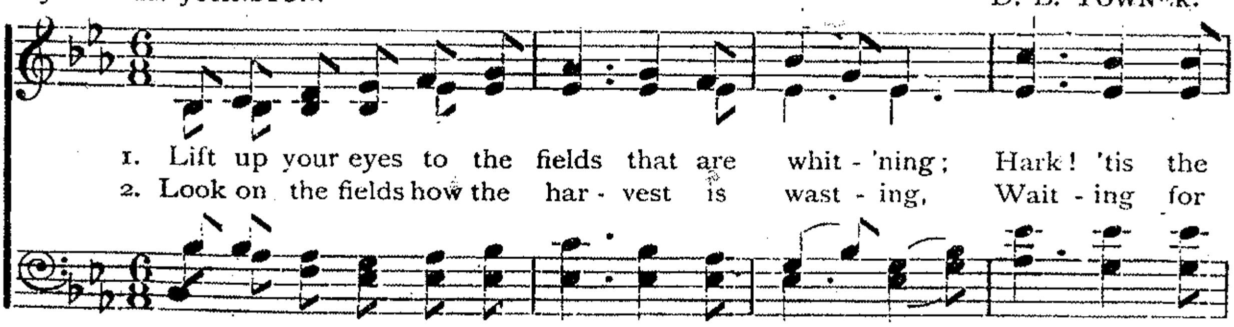
3. In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these!"

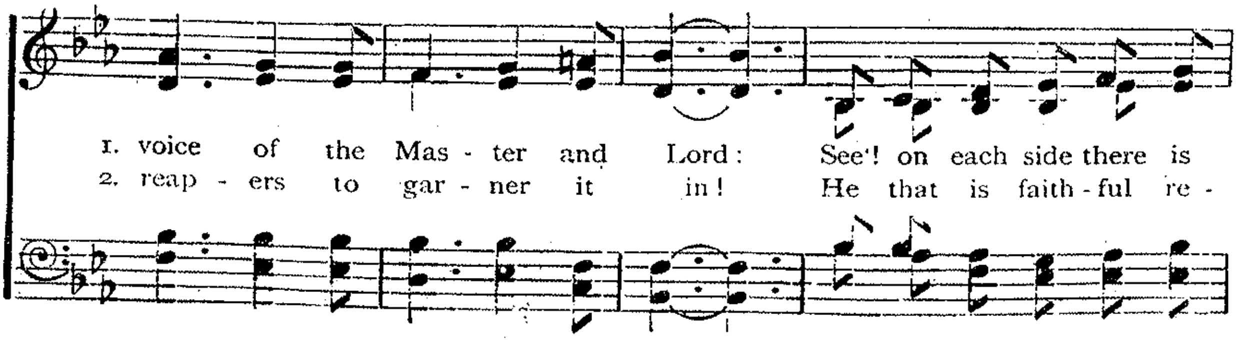
4. Jesus calls me! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

No. 763. Are you a Reaper?

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." (JOHN iv. 35.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.





Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 402. MEINHOLD.—7 8 7 8. 7 7. *Gesangbuch* (Lüneburg, 1686).



FOR A CHILD. *"They are in peace."*

p TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping.
cr And no sigh of anguish sore
p Heaves that little bosom more.

mf In a world of pain and care,
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
cr Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

p Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we
There may live where it is living,
cr And the blissful pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
p Lost awhile our treasured love,
cr Gain'd for ever, safe above.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH: from the German of J. W. Meinhold.

The following Hymns are suitable:

140 JESUS lives! no longer now.
225 Brief life is here our portion.
235 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
264 My GOD, my FATHER, while I stray.
286 O let him, whose sorrow.
288 A few more years shall roll.
289 Days and moments quickly flying.
608 GOD of the living, in Whose eyes.
609 Safe home, safe home in port.
610 Safely, safely gather'd in.
748 O LORD, to Whom the spirits live.
749 Think, O LORD, in mercy.
750 FATHER, Who hast gather'd.

St. Andrew the Apostle.

Hymn 403. ST. ANDREW.—8 7 8 7. E. H. THORNE.



"One of the two which . . . followed Him was Andrew."

mf JESUS calls us; (*cr*) o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, (*p*) "Christian, follow Me:"

mf As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

p JESUS calls us (*cr*) from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, (*p*) "Christian, love Me more."

mf In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

p JESUS calls us: (*cr*) by Thy mercies,
SAVIOUR, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

General Hymns.

Hymn 535. Wachusett.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)

Slow. Clark, *Congregational Harmonist*, 1828.



"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

p LORD, it belongs not to my care
  Whether I die or live;
cr To love and serve Thee is my share,
  And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, oh make me glad
  The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
  To end his toilsome day.

p CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
  Than He went through before;
He that unto GOD'S kingdom comes
  Must enter by this door.

Come, LORD, when grace hath made me meet
  Thy blessèd Face to see:
cr For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
  What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints
  And weary sinful days,
mf And join with the triumphant Saints
  That sing my SAVIOUR'S praise.

p My knowledge of that life is small,
  The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that CHRIST knows all,
cr And I shall be with Him.

R. Baxter, 1681.

Hymn 536. Beulah.—C.M. TH-145 G. M. Garrett.



St. Thomas the Apostle.

Hymn 404. HOLLAND.—L.M. B. TOURS.



"Be not faithless, but believing."

mf HOW oft, O LORD, Thy Face hath shone
On doubting souls whose wills were true!
Thou CHRIST of Cephas and of John,
Thou art the CHRIST of Thomas too.

He loved Thee well, and calmly said,
dim "Come, let us go, and die with Him:"
cr Yet when Thine Easter-news was spread,
'Mid all its light (*p*) his eyes were dim.

mf His brethren's word he would not take,
But craved to touch those Hands of Thine:
p The bruisèd reed Thou didst not break;
cr He saw, and hail'd his LORD Divine.

f He saw Thee risen; at once he rose
To full belief's unclouded height;
And still through his confession flows
To Christian souls Thy life and light.

mf O Saviour, make Thy Presence known
To all who doubt Thy Word and Thee;
And teach them in that Word alone
To find the truth that sets them free.

And we who know how true Thou art,
And Thee as GOD and LORD adore,
Give us, we pray, a loyal heart,
cr To trust and love Thee more and more.

W. BRIGHT.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN **449**.

The following Hymn is suitable: **612** We have not seen, we cannot see.

The Conversion of St. Paul. TH-146, 393

Hymn 405. VULPIUS.—7 6 7 6. M. VULPIUS, 1609.



"The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedar trees; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Libanus."

mf THE Shepherd now was smitten;
The wolf was ravening near;
The scatter'd flock he threaten'd,
But knew not Whose they were.

cr In zealous fury seeking
To bind and crucify,
A sudden voice withheld him,
A loud and startling cry:

mf "Saul! Saul! why blindly daring
To persecute thy LORD?
p 'Tis JESUS Whom thou hatest,
cr Rebel not at My Word."

mf Then forth in prayer he stretcheth
Those hands prepared to slay;
"What wouldst Thou with Thy servant?
My LORD and Master, say."

CHRIST'S foe becomes His soldier,
The wolf destroys no more,
p A gentle lamb he enters
The sheepfold by the door.

f O voice of GOD Almighty,
What wonders hath it wrought!
It rends the lofty cedars,
It bends the haughty thought.

p JESU, our Shepherd, cease not
Thy flock from harm to free,
And, when Thy sheep are wandering,
O lead them back to Thee.

f To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT
All glory, praise, and might,
mf Who call'd us out of darkness
f To His own glorious light.

F. POTT and Compilers: from the Latin of G. de la Brunetière.

Hymn 53. Bristol.—C.M. Ravenscroft, *Psalmes*, 1621.



Hymn 53. Bristol.—C.M. (*Alternative Version.*)

Harmonised by T. Ravenscroft, 1621.



"He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."

f Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

p He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

f Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.

P. Doddridge, 1735

The Alternative Version may be used for verses 2 and 4.

Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

"The Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple."

mf O SION, open wide thy gates,
Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim, both in one,
The Truth Himself, is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed;
cr Behold, the FATHER'S SON
Himself to His own Altar comes,
dim For sinners to atone.

p Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

mf The aged Simeon sees at last
His LORD so long desired,
cr And Anna welcomes Israel's Hope
With holy rapture fired.

p But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent WORD,
And, pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

f All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

E. CASWALL and Compilers: from the Latin of J. B. de Santeuil.

The following Hymns are suitable:

449 The GOD, Whom earth, and sea, and sky.
450 Shall we not love thee, Mother dear.
611 Hail to the LORD Who comes.

St. Matthias the Apostle.

Hymn 408. SHERBORNE.—7 7 7 7. 7 7. W. H. MONK.



"And they gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles."

mf BISHOP of the souls of men,
p When the foeman's step is nigh,
When the wolf lays wait by night
For the lambs continually,
cr Watch, O LORD, about us keep,
Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep.

p When the hireling flees away,
Caring only for his gold,
And the gate unguarded stands
At the entrance to the fold,
f Stand, O LORD, Thy flock before,
Thou the Guardian, Thou the Door.

mf LORD, Whose guiding finger ruled
In the casting of the lot,
That Thy Church might fill the throne
Of the lost Iscariot,
p In our trouble ever thus
f Stand, good Master, nigh to us.

mf When the Saints their order take
In the New Jerusalem,
f And Matthias stands elect,
p Give us part and lot with him,
cr Where in Thine own dwelling-place
We may witness face to face.

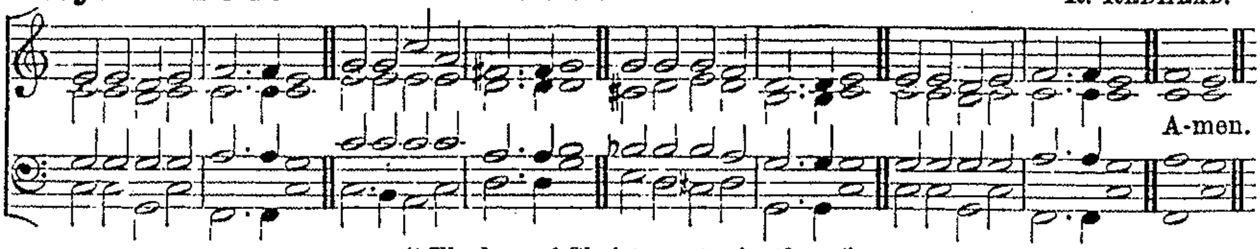
G. MOULTRIE.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 7.

The following Hymn is suitable:

613 Praise to the Heavenly Wisdom.

Hymn 105. St. Prisca.—7 7 7 7. R. Redhead.



"The love of Christ constraineth us."

p IN the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.

Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,
And the pang His soul that freed,

cr May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate;
In our souls plant virtue's root,
And mature its glorious fruit.

mf Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore;
Us with Saintly bands unite
In the realms of heavenly light.

Christ, by coward hands betray'd,
Christ, for us a captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter Tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee.

F. Oakeley: from the Latin of St. Bonaventure.

Hymn 106. St. Francis Xavier.—C.M. Sir J. Stainer.



A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 638.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."

mf MY God, I love Thee; (*dim*) not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
p Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

pp And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

mf Then why, O Blessèd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

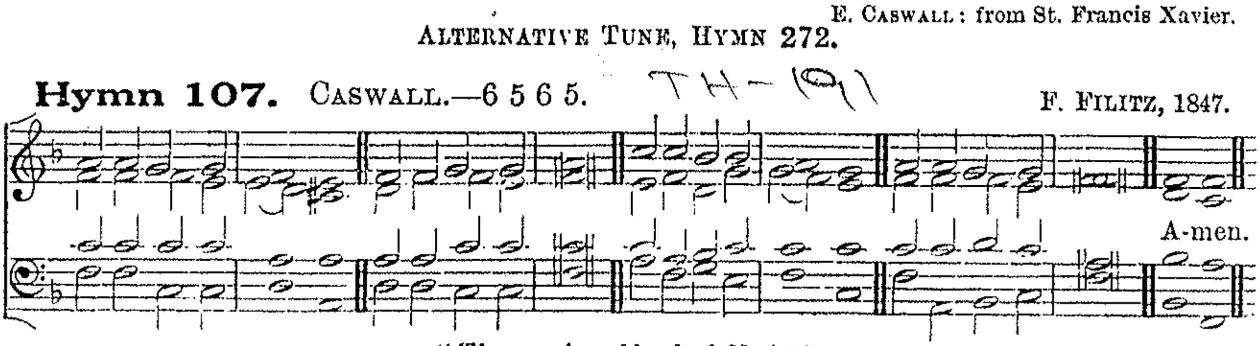
Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
f But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

mf So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King.

E. Caswall: from St. Francis Xavier.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 272.

Hymn 107. Caswall.—6 5 6 5. F. Filitz, 1847.



"The precious blood of Christ."

mf GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the Life-blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.

St. Philip and St. James the Apostles.

Hymn 411. St. Philip and St. James.—L.M. J. Langran.



"Philip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father and it sufficeth us."
"James, a servant of God."

mf THERE is one Way, and only one,
Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,
To that far land where shines no sun
Because the Face of God is there.

There is one Truth, the Truth of God,
That Christ came down from Heav'n to show,
One Life that His redeeming Blood
Has won for all His saints below.

The lore from Philip once conceal'd,
We know its fulness now in Christ;
In Him the Father is reveal'd,
And all our longing is sufficed.

And still unwavering faith holds sure
The words that James wrote sternly down;
Except we labour and endure,
We cannot win the heavenly crown.

f O Way Divine, through gloom and strife,
Bring us Thy Father's Face to see;
O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,
p At last, at last, we rest in Thee.

Mrs. Alexander.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 754 (First Tune).

St. Barnabas the Apostle.

Hymn 412. Vienna.—7 7 7 7. J. H. Knecht, 1799.



"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."

mf BRIGHTLY did the light Divine
From his words and actions shine,
Whom the Twelve, with love unblamed,
"Son of consolation" named.

Full of peace and lively joy
Sped he on his high employ,
By his mild exhorting word
Adding many to the Lord.

p Blessèd Spirit, Who didst call
Barnabas and holy Paul,
cr And didst them with gifts endue,
Mighty words and wisdom true,

mf Grant us, Lord of life, to be
By their pattern full of Thee;
cr That beside them we may stand
In that day on Christ's right Hand.

H. Alford.